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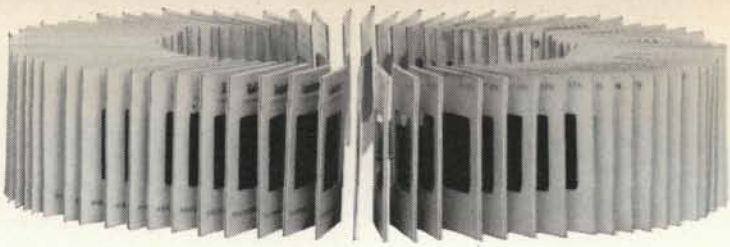

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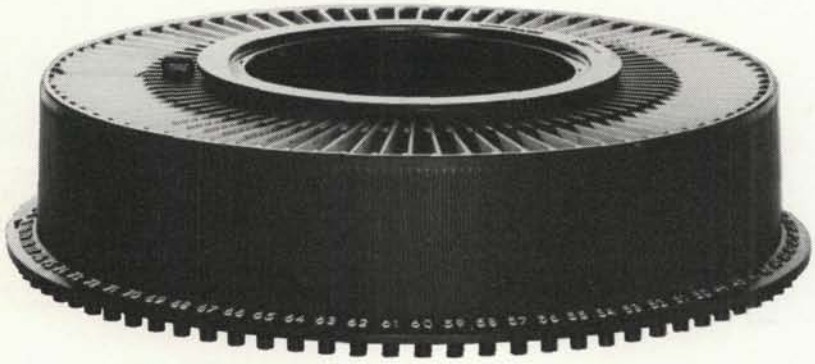

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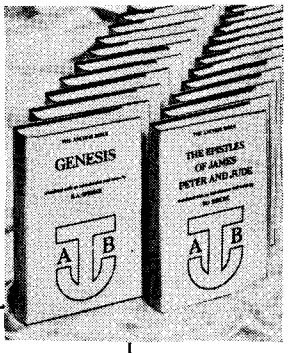

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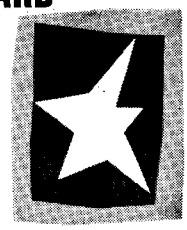

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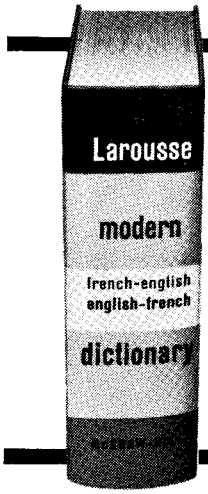

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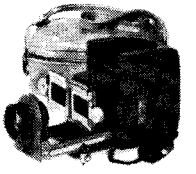

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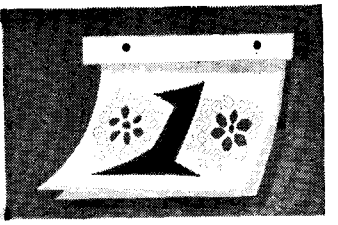

By CLEVELAND AMORY

OUR FAVORITE speech of almost any month was one that George Gribbin, chairman of the board of Young and Rubicam, gave before the Advertising Club of Pittsburgh. In this speech, he compared the advertising men of today with yesterday's Renaissance men. Both, he said, had a "restless curiosity and a powerful drive to fulfil their whole human potential."

"So," Mr. Gribbin exhorted his underlings in conclusion, "be a modern Renaissance man."

Well, we got to thinking about Mr. Gribbin's man, and the more we thought about him, the more we thought he sounded good—like, of course, a modern Renaissance advertising man should.

We see him in the morning, for example, waking refreshed from a good night's sleep. Last night he may have had a splitting headache, muscular pain, neuralgia, nervous tension, sluggish liver, abdominal distress, and tired blood. But no matter. This morning he obviously got fast fast fast relief.

He takes his shower and rolls on something that takes away that fear of offending. He is now not just half safe and for the first time in his life he feels really clean. Brushing his teeth, he finds he has 22 per cent fewer cavities, not only because his toothpaste makes him wonder where the yellow went, but also because he uses it in conjunction with a scientifically approved program of oral hygiene and regular dental care. Shaving, he gets fourteen more shaves with his new blade than with a boop-boop. Afterwards, he uses an after-shave lotion that makes him irresistible to women—and okay for the office, too.

Our modern Renaissance advertising man has, of course, a breakfast of champions, rich in iron and protein and high in big, body-building energy. And it's all topped off with a cup of coffee that is so mmmm-mmmm good that it's heavenly. In aroma, fragrance, and flavor, its coffier coffee.

Getting into his automobile—which he chose by a 114-mile grueling test on a mountain road—he could, if he wished, put himself in the driver's seat, but prefers, instead, to ride in comfort and leave the driving to us. At sixty miles an hour, the loudest noise in his car is the clock, which reminds him to compare it with his watch, which he carries, along with his fountain pen, under water.

Meanwhile, he's also comparing two newspapers, getting ahead faster by reading one and making himself more interesting by reading another. At his office, he is only No. 2, so has to try harder. He never carries more than $20 in cash, but he has a friend at his bank and a tiger in his tank.

One of the people who likes people, he is also a particular person who takes particular pleasure in, among other things, doubling his pleasure and doubling his fun. He likes to live a little, and, although he's one of three out of four men who, every time, choose a bolder, richer, manlier brew, he also seems to know which one to have when he's having more than one. And, as long as someone else is up, he is perfectly willing to have them get him a whiskey.

Finally, though he finds that some things he likes separate him from the boys, they don't from the girls. Indeed, after work, he steps almost at once into a wonderful world of softness, and a wonderful world of freshness that is not only friendly to his taste, but also apparently contains no harsh irritants for his girl friend. In any case, he and she wander around brooks and waterfalls and horses' necks and scarecrows and he gets a smile every time just asking himself what do men look at second? Or is it true blondes have more fun? Or even does she or doesn't she?

Well, we'll never know because, though our modern Renaissance advertising man thinks young and would rather fight than switch — even at a time like this, he's thinking of estate planning.

• • •

If Mr. Gribbin's was our favorite speech of the month, our favorite article of the month was by F. Gordon Davis and Associates, of Birmingham, Michigan, in the *Public Relations Journal*. Mr. Davis, a public relations man, feels that, as he puts it, "the term 'public relations' is no longer adequate"—in other words, in a word, it's not good public relations *for* public relations.

"What we are concerned with," says Mr. Davis, "is bringing about a perfection of communication that enables people to obtain better understanding of one another. The assumption underlying this objective is magnificent, the fundamental driving force that has inspired humanity throughout its long climb from the animal kingdom. It is the bedrock of religion, the wellspring of democracy. I would go further: it is the only hope for democracy's survival."

Well, sir, we never realized that public relations was all that – but if Mr. Davis says it is "the bedrock of religion" and "the wellspring of democracy," well, the way we feel about it, it's his bed, let him spring on it.

"On all sides," Mr. Davis continues, "misunderstandings [about public relations] flourish like poison ivy at a picnic site. Like strangers speaking different languages and in urgent need of communication," he goes on, "our society desperately needs interpreters. If we can meet that need and do so objectively and ethically," he declares, "our place is secure."

"That's all right, you may say," he goes on, "but, still, does it sell soap?"

"Of course it does," Mr. Davis answers himself. "To sell soap you have to create understanding of its merits. But public relations does not just advertise the product, or publicize it, or otherwise glorify it. The public relations approach begins with an effort to analyze what the public wants and needs from soap. It seeks to understand the public and it communicates this understanding to management, which in turn commissions the development of a product suited to public taste and orders action to make its nature appreciated and its availability known."

Well, as in the case of Mr. Gribbin, we got to thinking about Mr. Davis's idea—and what we, the public, want and need from soap. And however we tried to get around it, we couldn't escape from a gnawing little feeling that we were getting *more* soap than we wanted *or* needed. The way we figure it, every washing machine in this country has got to be so full of so many different kinds of soap that get clothes softer and whiter, and every dishwasher has got to be so full of so many different kinds of suds and flakes that go get even that deep-down frypan dirt that, if we're not careful, what we're going to get in this country will be a shortage of dirt. Pretty soon we're going to have a whole new generation that is going to grow up so scrubbed and spotless that it isn't even going to know what dirt is. This generation will go through life never having known that priceless American heritage of being dirty.

Here, the way we see it, is the logical place where Mr. Davis and his PR boys ought to come in. Never mind the hard sell, the soft soap, even the soap operas. Banish our washday worries. Spot us an occasional spot. Give us back our grease and grime. It's a dirty business, we admit, but don't, don't clean us out completely.

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WESTERN ELECTRIC

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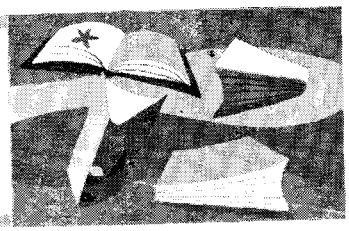
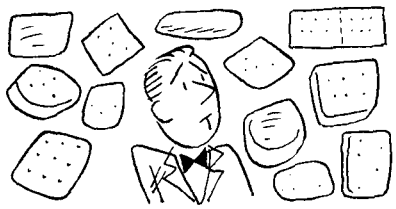
Trade Winds



A biscuit, as described by *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary,* is a kind of unleavened bread, plain, sweet, or fancy, formed into flat cakes and baked hard. A soda biscuit, according to the same source, is leavened with sodium bicarbonate and sour milk, or buttermilk—certainly not too attractive a prospect when



you think it over. The word *soda* is said to be derived from the Arabic *suda* meaning "splitting headache."

In a wild state of generosity in this column several weeks ago, we were rash enough to offer ten pounds of soda biscuits to anyone who could supply a new sentence to replace the tired and dog-eared typing exercise "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog."

Never let it be said that the readers of TRADE WINDS are slow to take up a challenge.

Our latest calculations indicate that we are now in the soup for approximately three-quarters of a ton of soda biscuits, a fact that provides a rare, personal insight into why the Arabs link the whole thing with splitting headaches. We hasten to add that the contest is now closed.

Because of our solemn obligation to TW readers, we are leaving no biscuit unturned to supply the etymological athletes, who responded so heroically, with their just reward.

But you don't simply walk to the nearest corner grocery store, as we laughingly thought we might do, and ask the clerk to wrap up three-quarters of a ton of soda biscuits. In fact, one wholesale baker, in responding to our query, said, "What are you—some kind of nut or something?" and promptly hung up. Another suggested that soda biscuits went out when the flanged wheel came in. A third made some generally uncomplimentary remarks and asked us to hold out until Mental Health Week rolled around. From bakeries, we were able to elicit genuine concern and considerable sympathy, only to learn that there is no such thing as soda biscuits, *per se*, on the open market today. What's more, we've learned, the whole biscuit-cracker-cookie hierarchy is fraught with dangerous lexical disturbances, pitting brother against brother, executive against executive. No one, it seems, can decide just what *is* a biscuit compared to a cookie or a cracker. One of the largest biscuit companies in the nation was forced to admit that it didn't make biscuits—it made only crackers or cookies.

We are now in the process of working out secret negatiations with one of the country's leading bakers to provide the winners with a full measure of ambrosia. By the time our next fortnightly column rolls around, we'll report on this in full. In the meantime, let's examine a sampling of some of the results.

It can only be a sampling. A gentleman by the name of Ellsworth Geist, for instance, has come up with sixty-seven sentences containing each letter of the alphabet, including one that reads: "Overjoyed pix king thawed by cozy film queens." Roger F. Williams sends: "By jove, my quick study of lexicography won a prize" — and it will.

G. M. Ostrander brings in current Hollywood gossip with: "'Dick,' quoth Liz, 'beware of sexy, vamping jades.'" Herbert Harvey has arranged a commentary on the television scene with: "Quiz show vexed by lack of rating jump."

Photographer Ivan Dmitri has taken time out from his tripod long enough to put together the thirsty sentence: "Hey, Jack, I'm frozen. Mix up, chill, and serve a big quart—wow!" "This story suggests," he goes on to say, "that there may be something in the offing more exciting, more delectable even, than the accomplishment of eighty words per minute."

No self-respecting psychoanalyst can ignore sex, and Dr. Mason Rose of Hollywood keeps up the tradition with his sentence: "Sexy zebras just prowl and vie for quick, hot matings." "This should lend zest to learning the keyboard," he adds.

But there are others, Chuck Haydon suggests: "The quixotic women find love's zest by joyous parking." And Betty Barndollar joins the chorus with: "Many-wived Jack laughs at probe of sex quiz."

TRADE WINDS and SR come in for a share of attention with: "*Saturday Review* magazine quips by far excel the jokes" (Pauline Engel), and "J. G. Fuller, by hacked wit and moxy, quiets zippy nerves" (Stan Wenner).

Mrs. Roger Blanchard signs her entry "Alex Z. Waverly Q. Buckingham Stopford, Jr." and closes with a notation that she'll settle for five pounds of soda biscuits and a quart jug of vodka.

She is not alone. Joseph Fagan asks for his biscuits soaked in Scotch; Don Kanabay would like us to throw in a couple of cans of soup; Cecil Goff protests that he's on a diet; David Adler would have us send the biscuits to his mother-in-law; Mac Teplitz wonders if he could get peanut butter, too; Charles Olasky, Captain, U. S. Navy, Retired, would prefer hardtack or sea biscuits; Mrs. Herbert Browarsky would rather have a left-handed moustache cup with matching saucer; and C. D. Firestone concludes his note with: "By the way, what *is* a soda biscuit?"

We regret to announce that some TW readers are sneaky. Lilyn Carlton supplies the sentence: "Baby knows all his letters except: d, f, g, j, m, q, u, v, and z." Then she adds: "'Quick, man! The X-ray!' cried Dr. G. J. Bloomps to Dr. V. W. Zof." And, in addition, she joins several other below-the-belt biscuit winners with: "The quick brown *dog* jumps over the lazy *fox*."

Many readers supplied a sentence that turns out to be an old standard: "Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs." They will receive token awards, not quite as much as those for original contributors, but just as tasty.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1590)

(P. G.) WODEHOUSE:

BIFFEN'S MILLIONS

He looked considerably more like a dachshund than most dachshunds do. Seeing him, one got the feeling that Nature had toyed with the idea of making a dog of this breed, and on second thought had decided to turn out something not so horizontal and with no tail.

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(Take this test about stocks and bonds and see. Check all answers you think are correct.)

1. A good reason to consider investing is:

☐ **A.** You want to get rich quickly.
☐ **B.** You want to give your money a chance to grow.
☐ **C.** You hope to get a second income from interest on bonds or dividends from stock.

2. The amount of money you might consider investing is:

☐ **A.** Everything that's left over after paying the rent, food and clothing bills.
☐ **B.** Whatever you can scrape together after taking out a personal loan, mortgaging your house and emptying the cookie jar.
☐ **C.** As much as you feel you can afford to invest after giving first call to living expenses and an emergency fund.

3. The way to choose stocks and bonds is:

☐ **A.** Get facts from a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange. Ask a Registered Representative for his opinion, then make your decision.
☐ **B.** Ask your friends and neighbors about the stocks they have heard about. Choose the ones that most of them recommend.
☐ **C.** Listen to any exciting rumors from an acquaintance or a persuasive stranger willing to let you in on a "sure thing." Buy fast.

4. The thing to keep in mind about securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange is:

☐ **A.** They can usually be bought and sold quickly in a fair and orderly market.
☐ **B.** They represent ownership in most of America's largest corporations.
☐ **C.** They offer varying degrees of rewards and risk.

Answers:

1. "B" & "C" are correct. (Smart investors set goals for themselves, usually for the long term. People who plunge to get rich quickly usually get poor quickly.)

2. "C" is correct. (Smart investors don't invest money they are going to need in the foreseeable future. Some systematically invest through the Monthly Investment Plan, with as little as $40 every three months.)

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4. All the answers are correct.

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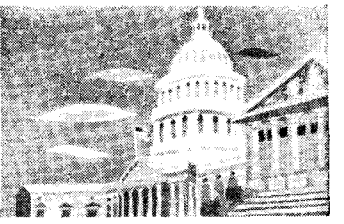
State of Affairs



Question from the Audience

DURING an election campaign, when one inevitably eats a lot of apple pie, it is disturbing to bite on a clove. One's taste buds are suddenly overwhelmed by its pungency and one is in danger of losing the desire for the rest of the pie.

The last time this happened to me was in Hershey, Pennsylvania, when the Republican hierarchy assembled around Senator Goldwater; and though at least some of them must have eaten the same pie I did, they either did not hit on the clove, or it had a much blander taste to them.

It happened when Senator Goldwater, in order to reassure the anguished moderate Republican hierarchy, said: "I can assure you that I would not appoint anyone to the offices of Secretary of State or Secretary of Defense or other critical national security posts until I had first discussed my plans for those appointments with General Eisenhower, Dick Nixon, and other experienced leaders seasoned in world affairs." Later former President Eisenhower repeated this promise with considerable emphasis and satisfaction. He reiterated, almost word for word, what Senator Goldwater had said, called it "a commitment," and presented it as a measure of the success of the consultations with the Senator at Hershey. Yet one could not help feeling that this "commitment" also implied something of a public confession of the underlying lack of confidence and mistrust in the soundness of the Senator's judgment among the assembled Republican leaders. And there were no indications whether the Senator confided to anyone whom he might have in mind for any of the key positions.

Perhaps I misinterpret Mr. Eisenhower's remark—for it is not always easy to take a reasonable view of politics—but I cannot quite see what other conclusion to draw. It made me think of an institution that is now the general rule of the opposition in England: the selection of the so-called shadow cabinet. It means that the leader of the opposition assigns various members of his party to "shadow" cabinet posts. He chooses men according to their knowledge, their interests, their talents; and in parliamentary debates they are responsible for questioning or attacking the government on their own special subjects. Thus the opposition includes, as it were, opposite numbers to almost every cabinet minister in the government, with the leader of the opposition having the right to intervene in debates whenever he feels the need. In this way the opposition designates a man to deal with foreign affairs, another to handle defense matters, and so on, enabling the nation to get not only an advance impression of the individuals but also an idea of the kind of cabinet the opposition would send into the field should it win an election. (Mr. Willy Brandt, leader of the opposition Socialist Party in the Federal German Republic, only recently announced that he would follow the British example and set up his own shadow cabinet.)

Now this sort of approach to a shadow cabinet is possible only in a parliamentary democracy. In the United States the opposition has a titular leader, but its main spokesmen are in Congress. And most of the time the winning Presidential candidate selects his cabinet from among those who are not members of Congress. The "shadow" idea could not therefore be repeated in the same manner in this country. Up to now the challenging Presidential candidate has usually waited until he has actually captured the great prize before he even begins to think about whom to appoint as his cabinet members. It is a different matter when the incumbent Presidential candidate wins, because he normally retains the key members of his cabinet; but the public remains in the dark about whom the challenger might appoint.

I FEEL some thought should be given to the proposition that the challenger—in the current situation Senator Goldwater—should at least announce in advance whom he would select as his Secretary of State and his Secretary of Defense; he might add the Secretary of the Treasury.

This of course is against traditions; but we are seeing Robert Kennedy break one in the State of New York while adopting another British principle, which is that a political candidate can stand for any constituency if acceptable to it.

In fact the proposition would not be altogether such a departure from established political procedures. Governor Thomas E. Dewey in 1948 made it quite clear that his choice for Secretary of State would have been John Foster Dulles, whom he used quite openly in preparing his foreign policy papers and positions. General Dwight D. Eisenhower, when he became the Presidential candidate, also indicated well in advance that Mr. Dulles was his most likely choice for Secretary of State.

If Senator Goldwater would agree to indicate whom he would select as his Secretaries of State and Defense, this would at least remove the worry of what would happen to the Senator's commitments at Hershey if, for instance, we did not for some reason have the good offices of Mr. Eisenhower at our disposal at the crucial time. It would also give the American people some idea of whose hand their fate would rest in; for at least in one case the Senator said—referring to South Vietnam—that he would simply tell his generals (and presumably, first, his Secretary of Defense) to adopt a policy "to win" in Southeast Asia, leaving it up to them just how they would go about it. Moreover, for the first time since Senator Vandenberg promoted the bipartisan foreign policy, which is still the basis of American foreign policy, the opposition candidate advocates abandoning it and pursuing, instead, a policy that sharply deviates from it in several principles that are the basis of the policy of the Atlantic Alliance.

UP to this point Senator Goldwater has left everybody completely in the dark as to the men he might bring into his cabinet. He has, on the contrary, been very much a one-man band, though one hears of a staff of researchers that is helping him, of sundry professors who are sending him ideas and memoranda, of several speech writers who ghost his speeches, and of a "task force on peace and freedom" that Mr. Nixon is heading. True, he consulted some of the Republican leaders who were at Hershey and gave them clarifications regarding certain of his policy positions; but he left without asking any of them to join his entourage or taking any of them deeper into his confidence.

No doubt one or two of his principal aides would be rewarded with some office if the Senator won the election. But not one among his present attendants has been given the kind of tasks significant of larger things to come, to show that they are marked as possible Secretaries of State or Defense.

My suggestion, therefore, is for Senator Goldwater not to keep the country and men like Mr. Eisenhower on tenterhooks about his cabinet. I don't think this unreasonable under the circumstances.

There are, after all, a lot of cloves in that Goldwater pie.

—HENRY BRANDON.

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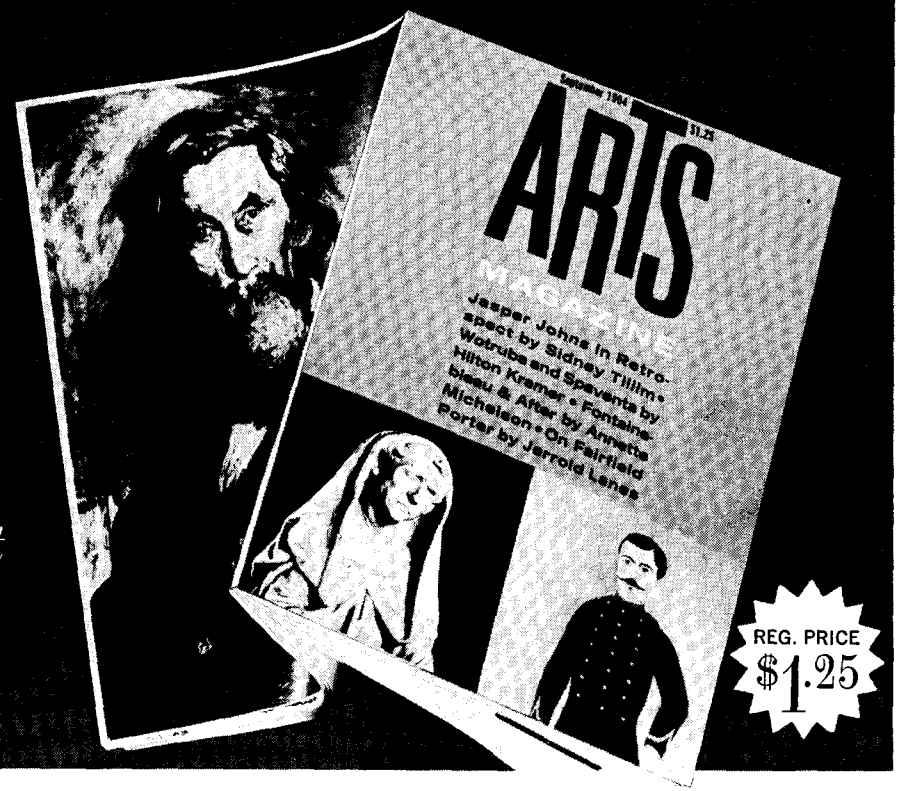
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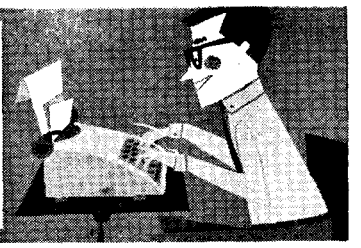
Top of My Head



The New Comedy TV Season

AS WAS promised, the new television season bids, as they say, fair to give us more laughter than the medium has provided in the last four years. Of course some of the critical appraisal has been somewhat less than enthusiastic about the comedy content of the comedy shows that have already had their seasonal premieres. It is to the professional critics' credit that they haven't been taken in by the laugh tracks with which too many of these shows abound.

But really good comedy shows don't need laugh tracks and don't use them, at least not on the shows I've been watching. These shows may be grouped under the title *The 1964 Campaign*, and the laughter they evoke in the living rooms is spontaneous and unrehearsed. I know it's dangerous to quote lines out of context but it's a habit I've picked up watching these programs. So let's have a go at it. First, a program titled: *The Senator and the ASPCA.*

When Mr. Goldwater campaigned through the South he emphasized the "law and order" issue. He promised that he and his running mate, Mr. Miller, would "use our power and influence to see that law enforcement officers, on the state and local level, get back the power to carry out their job." Just the officers? What about the dogs? Is he advocating throwing them out of work? This is not going to garner him many votes from the ASPCA and other dog lovers who raised a howl louder than the beagles' when they were lifted by the ears.

Then there was the program titled *The Dancing President.* As everyone knows, the President loves to dance. In this program he demonstrated his ease and agility in a dance known as "The Bobby Baker Sidestep." In this program the Baker subject never even came up. But Mr. Johnson was talking about America as the Great Society, in which he pictured all men as having equal opportunity—all men, regardless of race, creed, or color. And he said he meant "everybody." This included the butcher and the candlestick maker. There's that Baker sidestep again.

But dancing is not a talent exclusive with the President. There was another program on which Congressman Miller executed a *pas de deux* with Lawrence Spivak. It was called *The Tennessee Waltz.* This was when he was questioned about Senator Goldwater's statement that the government should sell TVA. At first Mr. Miller explained that Senator Goldwater never said that. Then Mr. Spivak read him the direct quotation. Then Mr. Miller said what the Senator really meant was not that the government should sell TVA but that our government should stop selling the fertilizer that is a by-product of TVA.

Well! You don't hear stuff like that thrown around on many of our new programs, do you? Or do you? And what a yock that got—laugh track or no!

And finally there was the program titled *The Air Force General and the Nuclear Tactical Weapon*—or *The Bomb Is Here to Stay, But Are We?* When it comes to laughs, this one is really loaded. To explain its plot I'm afraid I'll have to get a little mathematical and technical.

But follow me, please. The Air Force general opens with a speech in which he says there is a small nuclear bomb that can be used in the field in case of an attack; it will, he explains, someday be considered a conventional weapon. The use of such a nuclear weapon, he claims, will only create a slight holocaust—operating, no doubt, on the same principle of a slight case of pregnancy.

He is refuted by some experts who say that such a tactical, conventional nuclear bomb has the potency of the bomb that was dropped on Hiroshima—the equivalent of 20,000 tons of TNT. His argument is that it has only the potency of forty tons of TNT—practically something a kid could use to celebrate Independence Day. But be that as it may, he continued to insist on the forty-ton tactical, conventional nuclear bomb. After the program was finished, one wondered: Does only one soldier in a whole battalion have this forty-ton TNT tactical conventional nuclear bomb and the commander says, "OK, men, which of you guys has the forty-ton TNT tactical, conventional nuclear bomb?" Or does every man in this battalion have one and how much is forty tons of TNT multiplied by a whole battalion of men with this tactical, conventional nuclear bomb?

Laugh! I thought I'd never start.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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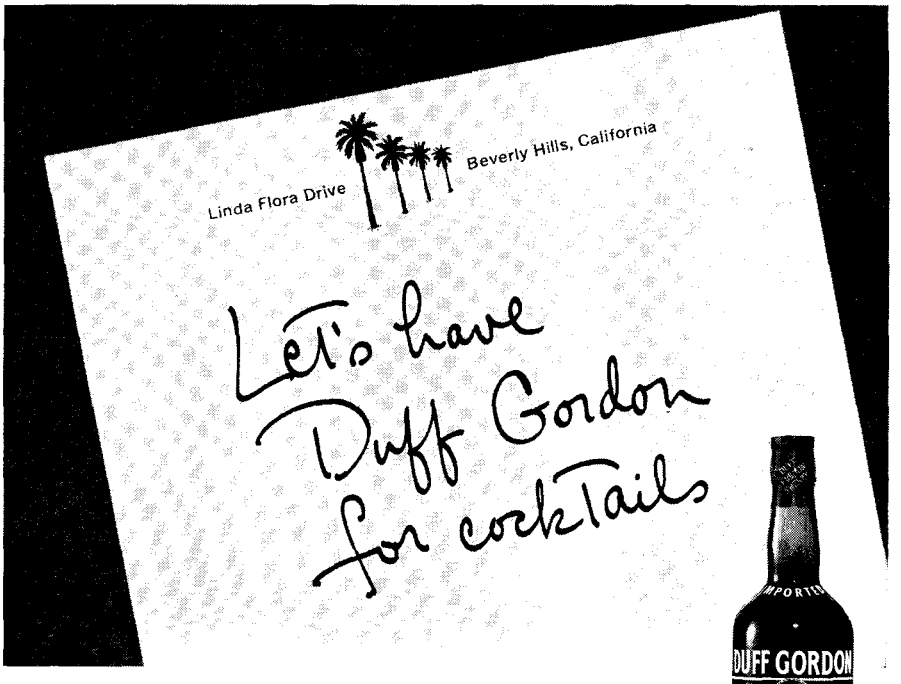

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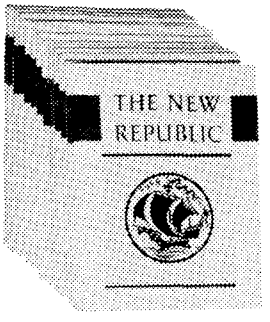

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HERZOG, Saul Bellow. Viking, $5.75 (*SR*, Sept. 19)—This portrayal of a cultivated but tormented man who seeks salvation by way of the intellect may well establish Saul Bellow as the leading figure in American fiction today.

FIGHT NIGHT ON A SWEET SATURDAY, Mary Lee Settle. Viking, $4.50 (*SR*, Sept. 5)—The third and latest of a chronological trilogy (*O Beulah Land,* 1956; *Know Nothing,* 1960). A story about the evolution of what is now West Virginia examined during three widely separated intervals, and how the nature of the land and the character of its people interacted.

CORRIDORS OF POWER, C. P. Snow. Scribners, $5.95 (*SR*, Sept. 12)—Ninth in a series of novels that give a remarkably comprehensive account of contemporary British society. This one is preoccupied with a crucial period in the life of an ambitious young politician who hopes to be Prime Minister some day.

THE SIEGE OF HARLEM, Warren Miller. McGraw-Hill, $3.95 (*SR*, Aug. 22)—Fable about the secession of Harlem from New York gives one of the most explosive issues of our day an alarming focus.

THE ITALIAN GIRL, Iris Murdoch. Viking, $4.50 (*SR*, Sept. 19)—Wicked and humorous study about women who possess the qualities of heroines and angels, and men the characteristics of goats.

JILL, Philip Larkin. St. Martin's, $4.50 (*SR*, Sept. 19)—New edition of the author's first novel, dating from the early 1940s, which concerns the impact of World War II on the ivory towers of Oxford.

THE GLOUCESTER BRANCH, John Leggett. Harper & Row, $4.95 (*SR*, Sept. 5)—Two crucial days in the life of a forty-three-year-old customers' man in a Boston investment firm. Author creates characters who lead ordinary lives but are extraordinary people.

THE COLLECTED TALES AND PLAYS OF NIKOLAI GOGOL, tr. by Constance Garnett, ed. by Leonard J. Kent. Pantheon, $10 (*SR*, Aug. 22)—Probably the least known and appreciated major Russian writer is brought once again to English readers in a commendable updating of the Victorian rendering of his works.

Nonfiction

O STRANGE NEW WORLD: American Culture, The Formative Years, Howard Mumford Jones. Viking, $8.50 (*SR*, Sept. 12)—Fascinating chapter of cultural history in which the author reminds us that the Atlantic had, from the beginning, two shores, and the currents from each acted upon the other.

THE ART AND THOUGHT OF MICHELANGELO, Charles de Tolnay. Pantheon, $7.95 (*SR*, Sept. 12)—Four lectures delivered by the Hungarian-American scholar in 1948 in which different areas of the master's thought are carefully evaluated: his political thought, philosophy, religiosity, and esthetics.

MUSIC ON MY MIND: The Memoirs of an American Pianist, Willie the Lion Smith with George Hoefer. Doubleday, $4.95 (*SR*, Sept. 12)—Entertaining and illuminating autobiography by one of the liveliest, most colorful musicians who certainly held his own in the era of competitive jazz piano.

GREEN MEDICINE, Margaret Kreig. Rand-McNally, $5.95—Absorbing account of the way medical science derives potent new drugs from such improbable sources as yams, mushrooms, and periwinkles.

THE ITALIANS, Luigi Barzini. Atheneum, $6.95—American-educated Italian journalist analyzes the national character in all its fascinating diversity; affectionate, yet unsparing in its dissection of the Italian psyche.

THE WORDS: The Autobiography of Jean-Paul Sartre, tr. from the French by Bernard Frechtman. Braziller, $5 (*SR*, Sept. 12)—One of the intellectual leaders of our time attacks contemporary dogmas as he declares his bitterness against a vocation and an entire way of life.

A COFFIN FOR KING CHARLES: The Trial and Execution of Charles I, C. V. Wedgwood. Macmillan, $5.95 (*SR*, Sept. 19)—About a king who refused to acknowledge the authority of the court that doomed him in a week, written as history should be, with vividness and a point of view.

WHERE I STAND, Senator Barry Goldwater. McGraw-Hill, Hardbound, $2.95. Paperback, 75¢ (*SR*, Sept. 19)—If you have not yet made up your mind, this collection of speeches and position papers should help you.

THE STUDENT AND HIS STUDIES, Esther Raushenbush. Wesleyan University Press, $5 (*SR*, Sept. 12)—Examines the college careers, from freshman year through graduation and beyond, of four "average" students who made their formal education an intellectual and personal experience.

SELECTED LETTERS OF ROBERT FROST, ed. by Lawrance Thompson. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $10 (*SR*, Sept. 5)—Third volume of the poet's correspondence to be published, this one containing letters selected by Frost's self-appointed Boswell.

FOREIGN AND OTHER AFFAIRS: A View from the Radical Center, John Paton Davies, Jr. Norton, $4. (*SR*, Sept. 5)—Former diplomat directs trenchant criticism against much of the official approach to such international sizzlers as the U.N., AID, Alliance for Progress, the Sino-Soviet split, but not without articulating some highly practical, down-to-earth solutions.

THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY: Front Line in the National Defense of Literature, William Peden. Houghton Mifflin, $4.50 (*SR*, Aug. 22)—An inclusive survey from the Forties to the present of the American short story, called the most dominant literary form since World War II.

THE WORLD OF THE SHINING PRINCE: Court Life in Ancient Japan, Ivan Morris. Knopf, $5.95 (*SR*, Sept. 5)—Scholarly and readable study of aristocratic society at Heian, the capital of tenth-century Japan.

THE DIARY OF ALICE JAMES, ed. by Leon Edel. Dodd, Mead, $5 (*SR*, Sept. 5)—Written in the face of approaching death by the brilliant invalid sister of William and Henry, this is an immensely human document and one of the neglected masterpieces of American literature.

GALLERY EXHIBITIONS

"1914," Baltimore Museum of Art—Exhibition celebrating the Museum's Golden Anniversary features large group of germinal works from 1914, a memorable year in the development of modern art. Everyone from Archipenko to Zorach, from Balla to Walkowitz included. Opens Oct. 6.

EDWARD HOFFER, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York—Important retrospective survey honoring distinguished American who, at eighty-two, continues to produce starkly lighted, meticulously composed paintings of the utmost integrity.

BONNARD AND HIS ENVIRONMENT, Museum of Modern Art, New York—More than eighty paintings plus drawings, prints, and posters present full-scale survey of French artist who will long be remembered for the sensuous luminosity that floods his canvases. Opens Oct. 7.

MAX BECKMANN, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston—This sometimes brutal, often compassionate German expressionist is seen in a retrospective show covering fifty years of his career. Landscapes, still lifes, and portraits show his vigorous if disillusioned vision.

MASTERS OF THE JAPANESE PRINT: Moronobu to Utamaro, Asia House Gallery, New York—One hundred woodcuts, representing the work of ten outstanding Japanese masters, stress the human figure as a basic theme. First major exhibition of Japanese prints to be held in New York for almost twenty-five years. Opens Oct. 8.

PHOTOGRAPHY

MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY, World's Fair—The camera has its deserved place in one of the fair's few permanent buildings. Now showing: Photos taken in orbit by John Glenn.

TOKYO: A Book of Photographs, William Klein. Crown, $10—Picture commentary on present-day Japan's amalgam of cultures, from temple shrines to teen-age baseball.

THEATER

AFTER THE FALL (*SR*, Feb. 15)—Arthur Miller dissects human viciousness and futility of communication in this fine new play.

THE TROJAN WOMEN—Euripides's tragedy staged with distinction and memorability.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING (*SR*, Oct. 28, 1961) and **THE FANTASTICKS** (*SR*, May 21, 1960—Long-running musical attractions that are still attracting.

IN WHITE AMERICA—Dramatized history of American race relations whose educational intent is clear and forceful.

THE KNACK (*SR*, June 20)—Entertaining exercise in the techniques of seduction.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF and **OH, WHAT A LOVELY WAR**—A new musical starring Zero Mostel and a British music-hall lampoon of World War I's ironic sentimentalities had not opened in New York at the time this list went to press but appeared highly recommendable in pre-Broadway viewings.

MOVIES

CARTOUCHE, (*SR*, Sept. 5)—Gay and splendid swashbuckler with Jean-Paul Belmondo as an eighteenth-century Robin Hood and Claudia Cardinale as his fiery gypsy sweetheart.

TOPKAPI, (*SR*, Sept. 12)—Vastly entertaining, civilized, intricately constructed tale of suspense whose actors (among them Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, and Robert Morley) fall splendidly in line with the current fashion of kidding what used to be not-so-funny.

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT, (*SR*, Sept. 12)—The Beatles effortlessly capture even the most sophisticated of audiences, proving in their delightful tongue-in-cheek manner that teen-age standards for excellence and enthusiasm aren't so lowly after all.

MISCELLANEOUS

HISTORIC MUSIC AND VOICES OF WORLD WAR I—Best-known songs of the war interwoven with dramatic narratives by Charles Collingwood and actual contemporary voices. Written and produced by *SR*'s Robert Lewis Shayon. (American Heritage record, $3.50; available by mail only through American Heritage with book *World War I,* $12.95).

"THE SOUNDS OF HISTORY," a supplement to **THE "LIFE" HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES,** Project Records Inc., Production, Time Inc. (*SR*, Sept. 12)—Each of these twelve records begins with a "Documents" side and has "Music" of the period on the reverse. Book costs $3.95: de luxe edition, including matching record, $5.90.

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2) At what point do smart-money men start selling stocks that are still going up?

3) Every day, opportunities arise where you can make a life-long annuity, without investing a cent, simply by making a phone call. Do you know how to detect and exploit them?

4) Where in your daily newspaper —and not in the financial pages—is the best source of 100% or better profit opportunities?

5) Can you name the five Bonus Sources of income you should get from your business negotiations — where other people pay you to let them make money for you.

6) Three tiny mistakes in negotiation mark you as a "amateur" to smart-money men. Do you know how to avoid them?

7) And most important of all, there are at least four simple demands that you should make in speculative negotiations that almost certainly guarantee you a profit. Do you know what they are, and exactly when you should make them?

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Let us be perfectly frank. The seven "smart-money secrets" you have just read — plus those you will learn about on this page — have this one unique feature in common.

They let other people help you earn your fortune. They actually multiply the power of the money you own today as much as one hundred to one hundred and fifty times.

They are an entirely different way of thinking about money than you are aware of today. They are the "Insider Techniques" that you have been hearing rumors about for years. They have already been used, time and time again — in Wall Street, in real estate, in dozens of other businesses all over America — to literally build million-dollar fortunes from pennies.

There are three definite skills that make up this art. Here they are — just as you can be taught them next weekend without risking a penny — in one of the most unusual and eye-opening books ever written.

1) How to Detect Opportunities the Moment they Arise

Here are four little-known rules that virtually equip you with "Money-Making Radar". Show you how to detect financial bargains so subtle that the ordinary man never even recognizes them. Where you may make thousands of dollars, investing almost none of your own money, simply by going through an ingenious legal procedure.

Here's how to buy inventories of bankrupt firms for a fraction of their true value, and then quietly dispose of them for a profit of as much as 200% to 400%. How to buy accounts receivable for as little as 10¢ on the dollar — and then resell them for as much as 60¢ to 70¢ on the dollar.

Here is a detailed guide to the fabulous new boom areas in real estate. Opportunities for short-term profits that still arise every day. How to detect them early enough to buy substantially under the fair market value — realize as much as 30% annual return on your money — then sell out in the next rise, in case after case for as much as thousands of dollars profit for every hundred you put in. And all at capital gains — or even income-tax exempt.

Here is a complete section on short-term profits in stock market speculations, on following corporate-promoters into the big money, that may actually lift you off your chair.

Plus an inside look at little-known special situations where growth possibilities could easily be astronomical. Plus an eye-opening appraisal of insurance stocks by a man who has already founded four companies.

And this is just the beginning.

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Now come the techniques of adding up to $99 of outside money to every $1 of your own.

How to own the "lion's share" of a business, even though up to 90% of the risk capital is advanced by others. How to sell off non-control portions to large investors, so that you put up almost nothing more than the basic idea and your own management.

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How to turn somebody else's "must-sell" business into a capital-gain for yourself. How to turn business opportunities into royalty checks, even if you don't invest in them yourself. How to make your business ideas pay you a guaranteed profit or a weekly salary, or a personal percentage of the gross — in many cases starting six full months or more before they are even brought out on the market.

3) How to Pyramid your Capital Overnight

How to hedge your investments, so that it's almost impossible for you to get hurt. Seven warning signals that insiders look for when you enter a new negotiation. Thirteen dangerous traps in so-called "bargain buys" and how to avoid them. The five fatal weaknesses that destroy most firms that try to expand too quickly. Favorite tricks promoters use to squeeze an extra few thousand dollars from you. Even how so-called "standard" contracts can ruin you. *All deadly pitfalls so well concealed that the amateur never even notices them.*

Secrets of professional timing — where and when to switch from one investment to another. How to make yourself inflation-proof and depression-proof. Ten ways to outwit even the most aggressive competition. Five businesses that thrive *because* there's a recession.

Plus twenty-five commonly overlooked ways to lower your taxes, without legal complications. The four golden rules of taking more net profit out of your business. How to sell property for thousands of dollars more than your uninformed neighbor might get.

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John Alan Appleman was first listed in Who's Who in America at the age of twenty-eight, over twenty-three years ago, and has been listed every year since.

His corporate connections at the present moment include the presidency of Disability & Casualty Inter-Insurance Exchange; Universal Drug & Research Laboratories, Inc.; Universal Research Products Inc.; Annuity Agency Company, with financial interests in two dozen other companies.

Mr. Appleman is the author of a total of forty-six technical volumes on insurance, economics, estate planning and financial security. In addition, he has written articles appearing in one hundred and forty publications, and has been a regular contributor to both the Encyclopedia Britannica and World Book Encyclopedia for many years.

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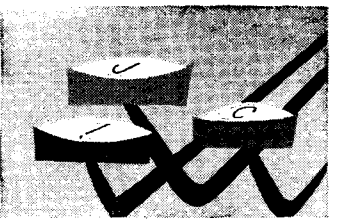
Manner of Speaking



The Middle Drawer: The middle drawer of an average desk may be described as a sliding box, about two and a half inches deep and about two and a half feet square, beginning with a pencil rack and ending in oblivion. Such, at least, are the estimated dimensions and the obvious organization of the antique but average desk at which I sit at *SR*, when I am sitting there, which I do only irregularly, and only as the spirit moves me.

The average pencil rack with which this average middle drawer begins was designed to hold the pencils that lie scattered across the desk top. The remaining cavern, for whatever purpose it was designed, is the oblivion file.

Moved by what might be called an obscure impulse (to obscure my average reluctance to get to work), I recently fell to taking inventory of my average pencil rack and came up with the following itemization: two red pencils (unsharpened), one black grease pencil, one ball point and one fountain pen (both broken), one mailing sticker that had curled up into a small tube and which I unrolled to find that I had once printed on it with some care my social security number (032-10-1228), one purchaser's receipt for a money order in the amount of $7.15, one theater ticket stub (R 108) for the opening night of *The Rise of Arturo Ui*, one second-best (and therefore unused) letter opener, one spool of J. & P. Coats black thread (15¢, 125 yards, number 60, origin and purpose unknown), one dentist's tool (broken, but obviously useful for picking things out of things if I had anything of that sort to pick related things out of), two nail files, one pair of cuff links, one metal pill box (empty, origin and purpose unknown), one glass marble (probably a souvenir of a visit from Benn), one four-for-a-quarter-while-you-wait-press-the-button photo taken, as I recall, at, then, Idlewild Airport and showing Jonnel and me looking at one another in some sort of fond but unsubstantiated pride, one twenty-cent stamp (1938 Presidential issue, James A. Garfield), two rubber bands, one pocket comb, a litter of paper clips, one 1889 quarter (to give to the kids for their collection as soon as I am sure they will not spend it on candy), one Canadian dime and one British ha'penny (to be given to them any time), one air mail sticker, two six-penny nails, three thumb tacks, two match folders, one broken tie clip (probably repairable), one small screw driver (in case any small screws show up to be driven?), one pocket pack of Kleenex, one pair of paper scissors, one staple remover, assorted grit.

It was, I concluded in an average glow of identity with all mankind, an irreproachably average holding; and carried away by good will toward average man, I pulled the drawer wide to explore what lay beyond.

Let me forego itemization for a more shapen thought. Can the years of man's life be brought to mere inventory? Let any man look into his own average heart and desk for his own average litters and so learn to describe himself to himself.

My one perhaps off-average accumulation consisted of about two pounds of individually wrapped sugar cubes, a hoard I come by because the coffee I send out for, and which I drink black and without sugar, always arrives with its quota of sugar cubes, which I always think of saving for the kids until I always remember that they eat too much sugar without my adding more, but which (to round out this month's exercise in all-out sentence structure) I can never bring myself to throw away, their average cavities and my more than average disorder notwithstanding, and because on days when I am not cleaning out my middle desk drawer I can always play blocks with them. There is always some way of not working.

THIS sugary hoard aside (I finally took it home and put it in the cupboard against such time as I could use it to ruin the coffee of such friends as insisted on its ruin), I finally dumped out on my desk top several pounds of rulers, erasers, and irrelevant hardware, and a ream of papers. And there they were: memos, file-and-forget letters, photos, clippings, receipts, brochures, news releases, notes to me, notes to myself—my whole cemetery of dead intentions.

To it all I have now given proper burial, but from it—as one ghost sighing among many—let me cherish a transcript of a freshman girl's answer to an examination question about one of my poems. The letter that once accompanied it was long since lost. It came, I gather, from her instructor in his limbo. So, in the litter of things, I cannot thank him by name, but as one average ghost saluting another across that limbo we call "the norm," let me send a ghostly thanks. Toward the contexts of this world, let me here reproduce the poem (copyright 1958, Rutgers University Press), and then, as its own example of that average litter known as the student mind your and my daughter's commentary.

SNOWY HERON

What lifts the heron leaning on the air
I praise without a name. A crouch,
a flare,
a long stroke through the cumulus of
trees,
a shaped thought at the sky—then
gone. *O rare!*
Saint Francis, being happiest on his
knees,
would have cried *Father*! Cry anything
you please.

But praise. By any name or none.
But praise
the white original burst that lights
the heron on his two soft kissing kites.
When saints praise heaven lit by doves
and rays,
I sit by pond scums till the air recites
its heron back. And doubt all else. But
praise.

And herewith, one child's garden of mental mists:

My version of the poem is that it is a snowy night and a cold winter snow is flaring across the trees. I do not know what the author means by the heron leaning on the air. I believe that this old man is out in the weather and is without a name. He is crouched or cuttled up to make himself warm. The snow is blowing through the cumulus of trees which must be a strong, blowing wind. He is looking toward the sky for help and then the thought leaves him. St. Francis comes to his mind which tells him he is the happiest person on his knees and is looking for guidance from the Father which is God. Cry anything you please is telling the man to speak to God and tell him your troubles because no one else can help him the way God can.

I am not for sure what he means by praise only that God is praising the old man for the work he has done.

The connotations in this poem is crouch and cumulus. Allusions are lit by doves and rays which is taken from the Bible. I cannot recognize any paradox or metonomy in the poem. Personification is used when the author says a praise without a name. He means a man without a name. No simile's are given in the poem.

Gone now, all gone. For all of two weeks my middle drawer opened on order and efficiency. Then back to litter. As worlds go. Yet in my desk's tidiest hours I heard this ghost weep through it, warning of that litter to which every hope must fall at last in the dead averages of time. —JOHN CIARDI.

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If you already know whom you are going to vote for, don't watch television this month.

It could change your mind.

Television is a strangely penetrating medium. It can catch a man in an unguarded moment and show him as he is, not as he would like to be. Watch some of the programs listed below—what you see may change your mind. Or it may not. But one thing is certain. If you watch television in October, you won't go uninformed about the men or the electoral process itself. And in between the politics, you'll find lots of other interesting things to watch.

Among the political programs

The Polls and the Candidates
How public opinion polls effect campaigns.
Sunday, October 4 (12:30-1 PM)

Campaign and the Candidates
Sunday, October 4 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Politics '64
Candidate's eye-view; Analysis of the Negro vote; Politics at the basic level; Polls and computers.
Wednesdays, October 7, 14, 21, 28 (10:30-11 PM)

Campaign and the Candidates
Tuesday, October 13 and 27 (10-11 PM)

Akron and the Next President
The campaign in a highly-contested city.
Wednesday, October 21 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Smear: The Game of Dirty Politics
History of smear in American politics.
Sunday, October 25 (6-6:30 PM)

Other programs of special interest

Think Pretty
Musical about the recording business.
Fred Astaire and Barrie Chase.
Friday, October 2 (8:30-9:30 PM)

Treasure Island
Mr. Magoo as Long John Silver.
Saturday, October 3 (8-8:30 PM)

Flying Through the Air
Practice and theory of flight.
Sunday, October 4 (11:30-12 noon)

World War I
Doomed Dynasties; Atrocity 1914; U-Boat Warfare; Verdun the Inferno.
Tuesdays, October 6, 13, 20, 27 (8-8:30 PM)

1964 Summer Olympic Games
Opening ceremonies, live via satellite.
Saturday morning, October 10 (1-3 AM)
Other events through October 25.

Explorers Before Columbus
History of expeditions to American shores.
Sunday, October 11 (11:30-12 noon)

Go-Between
Drama about candidate whose young son is kidnapped before Election Day.
Thursday, October 15 (10-11 PM)

Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me
Poetic commentary, with masked actors, tracing concept of monotheism.
Sunday, October 18 (1-1:30 PM)

The Fantasticks
Adaptation of off-Broadway musical, starring Ricardo Montalban, Bert Lahr, Stanley Holloway.
Sunday, October 18 (10-11 PM)

The Weird World of Witchcraft
Impact of witchcraft on society.
Sunday, October 25 (11:30-12 noon)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: That Was the Week That Was

Wednesdays: CBS Reports

Saturdays: Exploring/NCAA Football

Sundays: Sunrise Semester/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery '64/Face the Nation/Issues and Answers/AFL/NFL/Sunday/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

NOTE: Times, programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

Write department R for free copy of the new bibliography, *Television in Government and Politics.*

Television Information Office
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Saturday Review

October 3, 1964

PAUL BRAND AND HIS MISSION

Healing and the Pursuit of Pain at a Hospital in India

By NORMAN COUSINS

EIGHTY-FIVE miles from Madras, in the crowded Southeast of India, history is being made at the missionary medical school and hospital at Vellore. It is here that battles are being fought and won against the blackest of all human diseases, leprosy. Already, dramatic changes in the scientific understanding of leprosy have come about as the result of pioneering work at Vellore by Dr. Paul Brand and the doctors and researchers associated with him.

Throughout history, no scourge has been burdened with more superstition and dread than leprosy. To be a leper was to be a candidate for expulsion not just from a community but from human sympathy and grace. Fifteen hundred years before Christ, lepers were cast out of Egypt and forced to live in the "City of Mud." Almost 2,000 years later, a king was to incinerate them. For many centuries throughout Europe, lepers were forbidden to enter cities. They were forced to wear gray gowns and to warn people of their approach with wooden noisemakers. During the day, food would be left for lepers outside the city gates, generally on a hillside; they were permitted to gather in the food only at night. A healthy person who came into contact with lepers, even though accidentally, was required by law to report this fact and would usually be banished.

Chinese records tell of a mandarin in an interior village during the latter part of the eighteenth century who tricked lepers to their doom. He invited all lepers in the vicinity to a special feast, declaring they would be permitted to enter the city gates. The lepers came from miles around. In the middle of the banquet, the house was set on fire by order of the mandarin. A few lepers managed to escape; as they emerged from the building they were shot by sentries stationed there for that purpose by the mandarin.

The name in literature and medicine most prominently associated with leprosy, of course, belongs to Father Damien, the Belgian Catholic priest who contracted the disease on the island of Molokai in Hawaii while in the service of lepers. Father Damien's life and work had the effect not just of dramatizing the predicament of the leper but of improving his treatment and his conditions of living in general.

Today lepers are no longer burned or shot, but popular notions about leprosy have changed very little from what they were in the earliest times. Leprosy is still regarded as more of a curse than an illness; most people would still react in blind horror and superstition if informed that a leper was about to enter the room.

Even in medicine, where the scientific method is a basic law, knowledge of leprosy has lagged far behind the

—*Leon V. Kofod.*

A young leper puts his deformed hands in the safekeeping of Paul Brand.

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A Note About Vellore

The author of the following background account of the Vellore Christian Medical College and Hospital is Deputy Director of the General Administrative Staff of the Medical College.

VELLORE, a historic city in South India of some 112,000 inhabitants, is known throughout the world as the home of the Vellore Christian Medical College and Hospital, a notable "people to people" project and a unique demonstration of international cooperation.

The Vellore Christian Medical College and Hospital had its beginnings in 1900. Dr. Ida S. Scudder, famous American medical missionary, started with one hospital bed in her father's bungalow. Today Vellore is one of the world's great medical centers.

The Medical College, located four miles from the hospital, came into being in 1918, when the Medical School for Women was begun. Men students were admitted in 1947, and today twenty-five women and twenty-five men are graduated each year; in addition sixty nurses annually receive their diplomas and degrees.

The college and hospital currently has a staff of 231 full-time doctors, 239 graduate nurses, and 184 technical personnel, of whom more than one-fourth are on research projects. Of this total staff, fifty-one are foreign personnel coming from seven countries. They serve at all levels in the college and hospital and provide sixteen on the staff of professorial rank.

In training at the college and its 923-bed hospital are some 318 medical students, 280 nursing students, and 77 student technicians.

At the hospital in town and through its mobile dispensary in the villages, 100,000 new outpatients are ministered to annually. These patients, with their return visits, make a daily outpatient attendance of 1,300. Inpatients last year numbered more than 18,000.

The faculty of the Christian Medical College is predominantly Indian. The Indian principal, Dr. Jacob Chandy, a neurologist and neurosurgeon, established the first neurological unit in India. The freedom to pioneer has characterized the Vellore Medical College throughout its history. It was, for example, among the first in the education of women doctors and in the training of nurses.

Dr. Paul Brand's unit for the surgical correction of the deformities and the rehabilitation of leprosy patients is known throughout the world.

An Australian hematologist, Dr. S. J. Baker, has developed a metabolic research unit that is making important contributions to the understanding of tropical sprue (intestinal malabsorption) and the anemias of the tropics. Vellore is one of two medical colleges selected by the Indian Council of Medical Research for the systematic investigation of infantile diarrhea, one of the most serious of the country's public health problems.

The College and Hospital, brought into being by a number of Protestant denominations, continues to draw on the resources of the world church to recruit its foreign staff, men and women who combine high academic quality and the dedication to serve as missionaries overseas. Earning only two-thirds of the annual maintenance budget of $1,250,000 through the medical services of the hospital, the institution must depend for a large part of the remainder of its income on the supporting churches, and increasingly on voluntary donations from individuals, corporations, and foundations in India and abroad.

The College and Hospital have enjoyed the favor of both the central and state governments and the warm support of India's leaders. A few years ago the late President of India, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, gave a personal donation of 50,000 rupees as his tribute to the work at Vellore. And Dr. Sushila Nayar, Prime Minister Nehru's Minister of Health, has said: "It is the spirit of Vellore that I admire. I want this spirit for my other medical colleges."

This spirit is, in fact, being distributed throughout India by Vellore medical and nursing graduates, who, working in government medical colleges and nursing schools, in remote hospitals and in small medical centers, seek to play their part in serving their people in India.

—JOHN K. G. WEBB, M.D.

understanding of other diseases. Indeed, some of the same elements that have gone into the making of popular fallacies about lepers have not been altogether absent from some medical discussions or opinions about the disease.

Leprosy—in the middle of the twentieth century—has 14,000,000 sufferers throughout the world. It accounts for more cripples than all the diseases put together.

Paul Brand, whose work on leprosy may give him a place among history's most honored names in medicine, is a forty-nine-year-old English orthopedic surgeon, recognized throughout world medical circles for his work in restoring crippled or paralyzed hands to productive use. His principal work now is as Director of Orthopedic Surgery, Christian Medical College at Vellore.

PAUL BRAND went to Vellore as a young man in 1947. His wife, also a surgeon, joined him at Vellore a year later. Together, they constitute one of the most remarkable husband-and-wife medical teams in the world today. Paul Brand has restored to thousands of lepers the use of their hands and arms. Margaret Brand has saved thousands of lepers from blindness. Both of them teach at the medical college, undertake important research, and work at the hospital and in field clinics.

Paul Brand's main purpose in coming to the Christian Medical College and Hospital at Vellore in 1947 was to see whether he might be able to apply his highly developed skills in reconstructive surgery of hands to the special problems of lepers. Commonly, lepers' fingers tend to "claw" or partially close up because of the paralysis of vital nerves controlling the muscles of the hand. Paul Brand wanted to try to reactivate the fingers by connecting them to healthy nerve impulses in the leper's forearm. This would require, of course, re-educating the patient so that his brain could transmit orders to the lower forearm instead of the hand for activating the fingers.

He wasn't at Vellore very long, however, before he realized he couldn't confine himself to problems caused by the clawish hands of lepers. He would have to deal with the total problem of leprosy—what it was, how it took hold in the human body, how it might be combatted. He immersed himself in research. The more he learned, the greater was his awareness that most of the attitudes toward leprosy he had carried with him to Vellore were outmoded to the point of being medieval. The fact that he had actually reflected the fairly primitive state of existing medical knowledge about leprosy didn't ease his determination to pit the scientific method against the old mysteries.

He was to discover that the prevail-

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ing ideas about "leprous tissue" were mistaken. Wrong, too, was the notion that missing toes or fingers or atrophy of the nose were direct products or manifestations of the disease.

As head of the research section, Paul Brand first needed to find out as much as he could about tissue from the affected parts of lepers. Medicine had long known that leprosy was produced by a bacillus somewhat similar to the organism that causes tuberculosis. This discovery had been made by Gerhard Henrik Hansen almost a century and a half ago; the term "Hansen's disease" became synonymous with leprosy. As in the case of tuberculosis, the *bacillus leprae* produced tubercles. The leprosy tubercles varied in size from a small pea to a large olive. They appeared on the face, ears, and bodily extremities. It was commonly thought that the bacillus was responsible in some way for the sloughing off of fingers and toes, and even of hands and feet. Yet very little had been done in actual tissue research. Was there anything in the flesh of finger stumps or toes that differentiated this tissue from healthy cells? Was the *bacillus leprae* an active agent in the atrophy? Dr. Brand put the pathologists to work. Through research, they came up with the startling finding that there was no difference between healthy tissue and the tissue of a leper's fingers or toes.

One point, however, was scientifically certain: The *bacillus leprae* killed nerve endings. This meant that the delicate sense of touch was missing or seriously injured. But the flesh itself, Dr. Brand ascertained, was otherwise indistinguishable from normal tissue.

As is often the case in medical research, some of Paul Brand's most important discoveries about leprosy came about not as the result of systematic pursuit but through accident. Soon after arriving in Vellore he observed the prodigious strength in lepers' hands. Even a casual handshake with a leper was like putting one's fingers in a vise. Was this because something in the disease released manual strength not known to healthy people?

The answer came one day when Paul Brand was unable to turn a key in a large rusty lock. A leprous boy of twelve observed Dr. Brand's difficulty and asked to help. Dr. Brand was astonished at the ease with which the youngster turned the key. He examined the boy's thumb and forefinger of the right hand. The key had cut the flesh to the bone. The boy had been completely unaware of what was happening to his fingers while turning the key.

Dr. Brand has his answer at once. The desensitized nerve endings had made it possible for the child to keep turning the key long past the point where a healthy person would have found it painful to continue. Healthy people possess strength they never use precisely because resistant pressure causes pain. A leper's hands are not more powerful, he reasoned; they just lack the mechanism of pain to tell them when to stop applying pressure. In this way serious damage could be done to flesh and bone.

Drs. Margaret and Paul Brand—"one of the most remarkable husband-and-wife medical teams in the world today."

Was it possible, Dr. Brand asked himself, that the reason lepers lost fingers and toes was not because of leprosy itself but because they were insensitive to injury? In short, could a person be unaware that, in the ordinary course of a day's activity, he might be subjecting his body to serious physical damage? Paul Brand analyzed all the things he himself did in the course of a day—turning faucets and doorknobs, operating levers, dislodging or pulling or pushing things, using utensils of all kinds. In most of these actions, pressure was required. And the amount of pressure was determined both by the resistance of the object and the ability of his fingers and hands to tolerate stress. Lacking the sensitivity, he knew he would continue to exert pressure even though damage to his hands might be incurred in the process.

He observed lepers as they went about their daily tasks and was convinced he was correct. He began to educate lepers in stress tolerances; he designed special

(Continued on page 51)

—Harry Miller (Indian Express).

Dr. John K. G. Webb, Professor of Pediatrics and Deputy Director at Vellore—the spirit is contagious.

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How Big Is the Backlash?

WITH President Johnson's apparent smashing lead among the electorate, speculation has centered on the hidden vote, the vote an ordinary poll might not reveal—white voters disturbed over racial disorders, Catholics attracted to an anti-Communist conservatism reminiscent of that of the late Senator McCarthy, workers worried about losing job seniority through new Negro hiring practices, conservative Southerners finding in Goldwater their first acceptable national candidate in years, all forming a furtive procession across party lines to make conceivable a Republican victory in November. How big is this so-called backlash? Is Johnson's strength as solid as it seems, or is it being sapped from within by Goldwater's appeal to the secret fears and frustrations of a broad spectrum of Americans?

A survey carried out shortly before the beginning of the campaign made it clear that there is indeed a hidden vote large enough to have a significant impact on this year's election outcome. But while it is hidden, it is by no means impossible to uncover. The survey, conducted for NBC just before the Democratic convention, asked a national cross-section of voters for whom they would vote "if the election were held today." These were the results:

Johnson	59%
Goldwater	22
Undecided or Refused	19

At the same time, a second matched cross-section of Americans was asked to indicate their choice by dropping a secret ballot into a sealed ballot box, thus giving their Presidential preference without revealing to the person interviewing them which side they were on. With this approach the "Undecided" vote dropped dramatically:

Johnson	67%
Goldwater	28
Undecided or Refused	5

The first thing these figures make clear is that Senator Goldwater has no monopoly on the hidden vote. Goldwater's support may rise by six percentage points in the privacy of the secret ballot, but Johnson's rises by eight. There *is* a hidden vote—for both candidates. The second thing revealed by these figures is that, given the relative standing of the two Presidential contenders, Goldwater's gain is proportionately greater than Johnson's.

Who are these hidden voters? What party do they belong to? Where are the pressures for secrecy the greatest? The answers to these questions contain some surprises. Goldwater's secret support comes not from lower-income groups or union members but from the higher-income levels. He picks up his greatest strength not in the South, where Goldwater support is out in the open, but from voters in the Middle West. And strangest of all, the Goldwater hidden vote is not derived from dissident Democrats but from reluctant Republicans.

So much for the "hidden" vote. As for the "backlash"—disenchanted Democrats favoring a more aggressive foreign policy or less aggressive civil rights, it is there, all right, to the extent of about 13 per cent, but there is an even stronger "center-lash" — alienated Republicans who cannot accept Goldwater Republicanism. For every four Democrats who are crossing party lines to vote for Senator Goldwater there are five Republicans crossing in the other direction to vote for President Johnson. And the independents are better than two to one for Johnson.

Any way you look at it, President Johnson had, as the campaign began, the largest percentage of popular support ever recorded for a Presidential candidate since the polls began. This includes the powerful twenty-two-point lead President Roosevelt had over Alfred Landon in 1936, two months before his landslide victory that fall. It is far greater than Governor Dewey's lead in August 1948, when he was favored by 47 per cent, Truman by 32 per cent, with a crucial 21 per cent still undecided. Johnson's unparalleled support comes, as shown by the figures below, from the same voting blocs that brought President Kennedy to victory four years ago, but these same groups are now even more solidly for Johnson than they were for Kennedy and they are augmented by the new allegiance of groups recently inclined to vote Republican. President Johnson started the 1964 campaign with these groups supporting him by these percentages:

Negroes	97%
Jews	86
Union members	76
Catholics	73
Young people (21-34)	70
Women	68

Protestants, while slightly less favorable to Johnson than the nation as a whole, are supporting him by a two-to-one ratio, the same backing they gave to Vice President Nixon four years ago. Johnson, whose strongest support is in the Northeastern part of the country, runs into trouble in only one region, the six Deep South states where Governor Wallace had intended to run. There and there alone Goldwater has a slight majority of the votes, but even this lead is counterbalanced by the strong Johnson lead in the border states, so that the region as a whole is 55 per cent for Johnson, 38 per cent for Goldwater, and 7 per cent undecided.

Still, one never knows. In 1948 Governor Dewey, perhaps made apathetic by his comfortable lead, was trounced by the more aggressive and colorful Truman. As pollsters learned that year to their sorrow, candidates do not end where they begin. When issues and personalities play over an uneasy electorate, unforeseen things can happen.

—BURNS AND ELMO ROPER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Life Begins at Forty

I HAVE JUST SEEN a copy of *SR*'s anniversary edition [Aug. 29] and, though I have not had a chance to read all of it, I must say that its contents truly reflect the breadth and scope of your magazine's contribution to our society.

I note that your cover page carries the subtitle "Prospects of American Civilization: An Inventory of Human Hopes." This, I think, is more than a description of the edition; it is an assessment of forty years of constructive endeavor to reflect both the hopes and the needs of the American democracy.

Please accept my warmest congratulations on completing a generation of remarkable service both to your readers and to the nation.

THOMAS J. DODD,
United States Senate.
Washington, D.C.

THE FORTIETH-ANNIVERSARY ISSUE was excellent and thoroughly enjoyable, containing the appropriate balance of happy reminiscence and thought-provoking polemic.

But more importantly, this issue was an accurate reflection of *SR* through the years —a journal that brings pleasure but not smugness, information but not a shallow recitation of facts, and criticism not only of books but of ideas and institutions.

On such a diet, *SR* aficionados can be sure that their favorite magazine will flourish for at least forty more years.

JACOB K. JAVITS,
United States Senate.
Washington, D.C.

God's Future

CONGRATULATIONS ON *SR*'S FORTIETH-ANNIVERSARY issue. It should be placed in a time capsule to give future historians a fascinating picture of the past four decades.

John Lear's "The Future of God" is stimulating reading. The future of the Creator seems somewhat more certain than that of his creatures in the world ahead.

I wonder if it ever occurs to Sir Julian Huxley that the statement that the "god hypothesis" must be abandoned is self-refuting when he finds it necessary also to say that there "must be something to take its place." Voltaire, whom Huxley is echoing, seems to have seen the truth better.

I have always liked the statement of T. H. Huxley (Sir Julian's grandfather): "It is the first duty of a hypothesis to be intelligible." God is not a hypothesis but an intelligible reality, as the experience of the great mass of mankind illustrates.

(The Rt. Rev.) WALTER H. GRAY,
Episcopal Bishop of Connecticut.
Hartford, Conn.

Out, Out!

YOUR FORTIETH-ANNIVERSARY ISSUE was a notable achievement and contribution, and I was pleased to be able to play a small part in helping you celebrate the milestone.

Unfortunately, however, a fillip your compiler put on my little bit—nominating the influential books of the past four decades—has caused me embarrassment. The listing showed *Printing as a Hobby*, by J. Ben Lieberman, nominated by J. Ben Lieberman. Several readers have told me I was either mighty flip or egotistical. Actually, of course, the book was not in my list of nominees, but only mentioned in a covering letter. Under the circumstances, I hope you can find space to quote the reference in the letter:

> What must haunt all of us who send you lists is the knowledge that the truly influential books will perhaps not be revealed until many generations hence. Not entirely facetiously, I would use my own *Printing as a Hobby* as a case in point. If it succeeds, as apparently it is on the way to doing, in creating a major printing hobby, so that it may be truly said that printing has been restored to the people, then who can say what is the effect of the book? The first time people got printing, 500 years ago, tremendous changes resulted. In a highly standardized, mass-media-oriented, slick-worded surfeit of messages, who can really predict what will happen when printing is once again a *personal* way of communicating, of creating art, of expressing one's individualism?

J. BEN LIEBERMAN.
White Plains, N.Y.

"I'll say this about the Horde; it gives you a great feeling of belonging."

Reams of Reading

I HESITATE TO CONTRIBUTE to the burden of what I am sure must be an avalanche of mail felicitating *SR* on the fortieth-anniversary issue. It is a stunning achievement, not because it contains many high spots, but because it is a superbly conceived mosaic of pieces by the *one* perfect fellow for each assignment, and there is not a single weakness.

The one compelling complaint is that, given the volume of must reading with which we are all confronted, it is a real outrage to come up with so thick a book, every single item of which must be read and will then, of course, be treasured.

THEODORE WALLER.
New York, N.Y.

Old Friend

CONGRATULATIONS UPON your wonderfully interesting fortieth-anniversary issue. It may interest you that forty years ago I became a subscriber of the first issue of the then called *Saturday Review of Literature*. I have been reading it with pleasure ever since, especially N.C.'s editorials.

MRS. EDWARD BRYLAWSKI.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Loyal Subscriber

CONGRATULATIONS ON the publication of your fortieth-anniversary issue. I almost said *our*, so much a part of my professional and personal life has *SR* become.

I am proud to be associated with the magazine if only through the claim of being a loyal subscriber.

TREVOR J. PHILLIPS, Instructor,
Department of Education,
Bowling Green State University.
Bowling Green, O.

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Notes on the Future

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the third instalment of a column to be written periodically for SR by Mr. Fuller, the inventor of the geodesic dome and the Dymaxion three-wheeler automobile, among other things. The first two appeared in the issues of August 29 and September 19.*

By R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER

THE great evolutionary engagement of man with the non-sensorially apprehensible yet physical universe, achieved only through instrumental hook-up as an extension of man's faculties, is utterly dependent upon the integrity of the instrumental functioning and the integrity of functioning of the adult intellect at a level of purity corresponding to that of the four-year-old child's, whereof Christopher Morley wrote in 1922:

The greatest poem ever known
Is one all poets have outgrown:
The poetry, innate, untold,
Of being only four years old.

Still young enough to be a part
Of Nature's great impulsive heart,
Born comrade of bird, beast and tree
And unselfconscious as the bee—

And yet with lovely reason skilled
Each day new paradise to build,
Elate explorer of each sense,
Without dismay, without pretense!

In your unstained, transparent eyes
There is no conscience, no surprise:
Life's queer conundrums you accept,
Your strange divinity still kept.

Being, that now absorbs you, all
Harmonious, unit, integral,
Will shred into perplexing bits,—
Oh, contradiction of the wits!

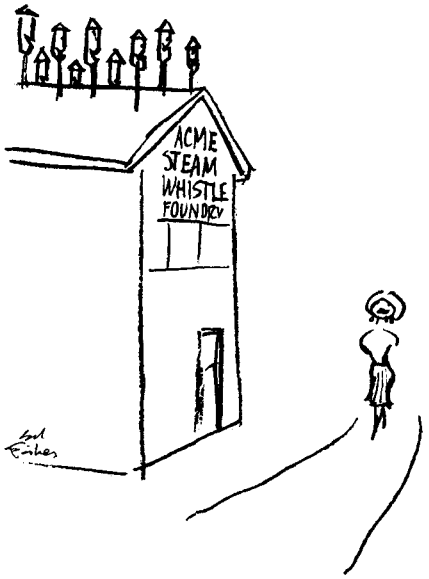
And Life, that sets all things in rhyme,
May make you poet, too, in time—
But there were days, O tender elf,
When you were Poetry itself.

By my calculations there is mathematical probability that progressive mastery by man of the physical coordinates of nature, and their progressive subordination to total abstract concepts, may indeed be trending historically to permit the integral being of the child to remain unfractionated throughout the total life span. For instance, we are unaware of our own tongues until we bite them. When in health and good form, the total myriad component functions of our physical being are entirely subordinated to subconsciously coordinated functions of the regenerative pattern of the whole individual life.

Humans dying in hospitals have often been weighed as they crossed the threshold between life and death. No weight is lost. Life is weightless, imponderable. When life has departed, the radiant heat, the brain-propagated energy waves, and the radiance of being are alike gone. The full physical inventory of the corpse remains—useless, reminiscent, but that is all. That is the way I read the data of man's significant exploring.

Margaret Mead said recently that God is rarely mentioned at scientific or social conferences. This is not so much a phenomenon of conferences as it is a characteristic of our times. Many think of science and the age of industrialization as atheistic. Scientists frequently have been asked by less educated men whether anything they observe through their microscopes or telescopes confirms religious dogma and the Scriptures—and, if not, must they not forsake Scripture and religion as having no fundamental significance whatsoever? Surprised by the question and unconvinced that they are atheists, the scientific specialists, also avoiding philosophical speculation as treacherous ground for reasoning, have been notably ineffective in refuting their atheistic status.

Cosmology and philosophy have been differentially dissipated in the era of increasing specialization. Total thinking is now almost completely legendary or speculative. For instance, it is a popular conception that the universe must have been begun in chaos, out of which it has happened from time to time that probability, reversing its law of increase of the random element, has surprisingly accumulated increasing order. It seems that this illogical increase of order accredited by the popular science cosmology has also from time to time been aided by scientists who "wrest order out of chaos." Finally, according to the legend, probability and science together have now provided us with an extraordinarily well-organized chemical, physical, and biological world within a universe of gratifying regularities.



"Okay, guys—all set?"

The scientific record refutes this *a priori* chaos scheme. Every great scientist who has documented the events surrounding his major discovery has documented the fact that, in comparison to his crude hypothesizing, his discovery disclosed a sublime regularity of nature. The regularities of nature are governed by pure mathematical principles. Thus, since principles are inherently weightless and infinite—that is endless—the universe could never have been chaotic and thus has no beginning.

In 1930 Einstein wrote of the non-anthropomorphic conception of God and of the cosmic religious sense, asserting that the great scientists such as Kepler who had been called heretics were indeed the most profoundly religious men when appraised in a cosmic, non-anthropomorphic sense. Einstein said, "What an extraordinary faith in the orderliness of universe must have inspired Kepler to spend the nights of his lifetime alone with the stars."

Scientists, having developed double names for their overlapping work (biochemistry, biophysics, etc.), are now finding their total field interconnected and unitary. This is a general trend of science. And so many scientists are now being educated that it may be forecast that within the next half-century not only science but much of educated society will have come naturally through its own explorations and experiences to discover the comprehensive order of the universe. Thus they will inadvertently develop a regeneratively inspiring faith in the order and integrity of the universe.

And because the complexities of this universe are only intellectually comprehensible, recognition of an intellect greater than and anticipatory to our own intellections is inexorably emergent in the integrating totality of scientific exploration. This means the personal, first-hand discovery by increasing numbers of humanity of non-anthropomorphic God, the great intellectual integrity of universal evolution.

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The Stuff of Dreams

IN Hollywood there is a recurrent dream that haunts many who work there; they dream of breaking loose from the creative stringencies imposed by the prevailing insistence on "big" pictures with "big" stars; they dream of making significantly worthwhile motion pictures that reflect contemporary moods and conditions with honesty and believability. Talk to a prosperous television writer banging out a weekly half-hour show, and he will tell you of his pet project, a "little" picture, perhaps along the lines of a *Marty* or the English *A Taste of Honey*, in which his true talent will demonstrate itself. Almost never do these dreams become reality. It makes for a long story to explain why they don't (and you can get these explanations at Desilu or Paramount while munching the Walter Winchell Special at the commissary); suffice it to say that the difficulties are too great for most Hollywood spirits to surmount. Yet we have in *The Luck of Ginger Coffee*, a new film produced by Leon Roth and directed by Irvin Kershner, one such motion picture.

It is based on the novel of the same title by Brian Moore, a first-rate Irish-Canadian writer whose works have been hitherto optioned from time to time but never actually filmed. John Huston, for one, has talked of doing his *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne* in Ireland, its scene, but talk is all it's been so far. The scene of *The Luck of Ginger Coffee* is Montreal, and it tells of an Irish immigrant to Canada who has brought his wife and daughter there in search of a higher station in life. James (Ginger) Coffee is a handsome fellow who rather overrates his abilities and thus regards himself as superior to the kind of jobs he's usually able to obtain. He's a good man in that he loves his wife and child and wants the best for them, but his luck, or so he deems it, is generally bad. He can't hold a job, or he gives it up to search for something better, and meanwhile things go from bad to worse, and his wife begins to despair that he ever will be what he says he'll be. Eventually the marriage cracks wide open when Ginger's wife insists upon being her own breadwinner, much to Ginger's dismay.

This is the basic stuff of a most affecting film, acted with rare subtlety by Robert Shaw and Mary Ure. Ginger thinks he has gotten his big break when a friend tells him about a chance to get on the staff of a Montreal newspaper. But the job turns out to be merely the relatively menial one of a night proofreader at a salary an unskilled laborer might disdain. But Ginger imagines he'll quickly become a reporter, then an editor, and his wife will respect him again, and things will turn out fine. Slowly he becomes aware that the world isn't all that easy to conquer, and in order to survive he must make a painful re-evaluation of himself. Shaw's playing of a man who might ordinarily be regarded with impatience quickly engages our sympathy and compassion, as does Mary Ure's performance of the good-hearted but dissatisfied wife, and when the two, after a nearly crushing blow to Ginger's self-esteem, make a tentative stab at a new life together it is an understandable and satisfying ending to a story that really has no ending. Against the appropriate Montreal backgrounds, rubbing against others who have their own crabbed lives to pursue, Ginger and his wife, and the teen-age daughter, too, become immensely real.

How did such a movie, dealing as it does with ordinary lives in ordinary circumstances, come to be made? First there was that earlier mentioned dream, of course, shared by Roth, who gave up a vice presidency of the Mirisch Corporation to produce, and by Kershner, who felt he had some unplumbed capabilities. (He was right.) They looked around for some financial backing, and got it from Walter Reade, Jr., the far-seeing owner of a chain of theaters and backer of low-budgeted films of quality. They went to Brian Moore and encouraged him to do his own screenplay, and Mr. Moore turned in a honey of a job. Then they looked for talented players who would be just right for the roles and found them in Robert Shaw and Mary Ure, who were delighted to star in the movie and give their best. The film was planned down to the last detail so as to make the most of a small but adequate budget, and an expedition was mounted to Montreal—the first time, so far as I know, that that city has been used as the setting for a feature film. The result: a motion picture of distinction, one of the best to come along from anywhere this year.

It may sound easy in the telling, but Roth and Kershner labored incessantly against many discouragements for over two years to bring about their accomplishment. Their success is not only noteworthy in itself, but it is a movie like *The Luck of Ginger Coffee* that keeps alive that dream of better pictures in many a Hollywood breast.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

The Aspen Experience

ASPEN, COLO.

THE Aspen Film Conference, established a year ago, promises to become not only a unique center for the serious study of motion pictures on all levels but, more important, a unique influence upon their production. Part of the Aspen plan, as conceived by the late Walter Paepcke in 1949, is the cross-fertilization of arts and industries, of artists and scientists, with business executives. Authorities—rather inelegantly referred to as "resource people"—meet in daily, intensive sessions with captains of industry, and inevitably all the participants leave with their ideas a little changed, their beliefs a little shaken, and their horizons vastly expanded. The confrontations are not designed for the thin-skinned, who cannot take criticism, nor for the closed-minded, who cannot hear it. Shut off from the rest of the world by some of the most spectacular mountains in America, conferees are encouraged to speak with a candor impossible anywhere closer to the seat of their routine activities, while the presence of outstanding artists, scholars, and philosophers among the "resource people" stimulates flights of thought and fancy that often astonish and delight the participants themselves. Not to mention their wives.

Among the "resource people" at the second annual Aspen Film Conference, just concluded, were John Burchard, Dean of MIT's School of Humanities and Social Sciences; artists Robert Burkert and his attractive wife, Nancy, and the witty "pop" artist Marisol; the caricaturist and social satirist Robert Osborn and Mrs. Osborn, who founded and have run an eminently successful film society for the past dozen years; and the famed author and dean of the Menninger School of Psychiatry, Dr. Karl Menninger, whose perceptive questioning often shed more light on the problems of the film medium than the statements of the authorities he was addressing. From Hollywood, lending a touch of glamour to the event, came Carroll Baker, and her incisive young director husband, Jack Garfein. Also speaking for the industry—or "the Establishment," as Norman Corwin termed it in his keynote address—were Robert Blumofe, the enlightened and enlightening vice president in charge of West Coast operations for United Artists; Lou Greenspan, executive director of the Screen Producers Guild; script writer Abby Mann, whose films include *Judgment at Nuremburg* and an adaptation of *Ship of Fools*, cur-

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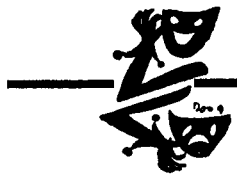
rently in production; the veteran and venerable director, Lewis Milestone, who not only participated in the panel sessions but introduced a special screening of his *All Quiet on the Western Front;* Robert Rafelson, a youthful writer-producer for television; writer-producer-director Mel Shavelson, who delivered his wry and often bitter observations on "the Establishment" with the barbed humor of a Mort Sahl, whom he rather resembles; and Mr. Corwin, whose olympian view of the entire film scene occasionally led him into the role of peacemaker between warring factions.

Skilled mediation was often necessary during the six-day conference, for it not only re-examined the question of whether the movies are an industry or an art, or perhaps a good deal of both; but it also confronted members of "the Establishment" with a whole galaxy of young film-makers who, in most instances, wanted to make it very clear that the ways of Hollywood were not their own. George Stevens, Jr., on the eve of his departure from USIA, spoke eloquently in defense of the documentary program he had initiated there, flanked by such recruits as James Blue (winner of a Ford Foundation film grant earlier this year), and Charles Guggenheim, an able and articulate young documentarian from St. Louis. Robert Hughes, whose film on Robert Frost won the documentary Oscar this year, wanted a series of pictures on the United States as viewed through the eyes of young artists. And the Maysles brothers, Albert and David, exponents of *cinéma verité*—a style of film-making in which the functions of the writer and director are incorporated into the work of the cameraman and editor—ardently propagandized for their approach and indeed suggested that it is the wave of the future.

If it took the Hollywood contingent several days to grasp the fact that these young men were completely serious when they said they did not want to work in the studios, it took the young people even longer to realize that the industryites were no less serious and sincere in their desire to help them get established. And if the Hollywood contingent was slow to realize the implications of Dr. Menninger's point, raised early in the conference, that vast audiences in America lie untapped and unserved by the studios, the young film-makers ("unrecognized" is the word they prefer), it quickly developed, knew this audience well, but lacked the organization and facilities to reach it. For both groups, the thinking in the year ahead, and in the third Aspen Conference, will be concentrated on locating and reaching a new film audience. This was not something that Aspen planned. It simply grew as part of the Aspen experience. —Arthur Knight.



BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Anti-Family Portrait

JEAN ANOUILH'S early (1936) play, *Traveller Without Luggage,* asks—but leaves unanswered—the fascinating question "Can a man jettison his past?" Of course we all know of criminals who have gone straight and men who have joined Alcoholics Anonymous. Yet M. Anouilh is speaking not of one's public past, but of the private disgraces that are somehow whitewashed into socially acceptable practice (*e.g.,* killing animals for sport).

It appears to be M. Anouilh's point that the "love" and protectiveness of families breeds such behavior. To demonstrate his thesis, the play follows one amnesia victim as he discovers his nasty past and realizes that to return to his real family would only regenerate all the behavior he now despises.

Under Robert Lewis's theatrically elegant direction, an excellent cast performs each scene in the grand manner. There is Ben Gazzara emoting powerfully as the horror-stricken son; Mildred Dunnock icily anguished as the dominating mother who interfered with the one genuine love her son ever found; Stephen Elliott tormented as the older brother whose morality consists of accepting his own hypocrisy and guilt; and Nancy Wickwire, cold as steel in the role of the brother's predatory wife. One is not sure that this style of performance is best for the play. Indeed, the effectiveness of Rae Allen's more natural portrayal of an earthy, teeth-gritting chambermaid suggests that something livelier, more unpredictable, and more varied might have made the play dance rather than march. Furthermore, it would have permitted the play's denouement, which now seems a light-hearted joke, to express more of M. Anouilh's underlying thesis that man is eternally seeking the purity of the love and loyalty two children can have for each other, but that he finds it virtually impossible to achieve it for very long in adult life.

As it is, Oliver Messel's opulent and macabre scenery seems to have engendered a handsome chamber-of-horrors spectacle, in which an anti-family point of view that was more startling in 1937 than it is now receives unnecessary substantiation. Perhaps the fact that the play itself must suffer by comparison with the same playwright's more brilliant later works, sixteen of which have been performed here, would have kept *Traveller Without Luggage* from being a hit in any case. But one would prefer the less formidable pleasure of gently exploring an unsure playwright's interesting ideas instead of having them presented with the éclat and force of brilliant or earth-shaking revelations.

Currently visiting Broadway for an eight-week engagement is *The Committee.* The evening consists of many short scenes put together through long rehearsal periods of improvisation, and they therefore have the virtue of recreating the behavior of ordinary people with a certain genuineness. The great drawback of this technique is that most performers are not very good playwrights, so that the scenes often lack shape and frequently wander around rather than toward the point. Thus revues arrived at in this way are best enjoyed in the party atmosphere of an intimate cabaret, and New York already has the Second City and the Premise flourishing in small bistros off Washington Square.

The Committee is an offshoot of the Second City group, which initiated all this in Chicago some ten years back, and most of the sketches could be inserted in either of the Off-Broadway operations without a hitch. If *The Committee* does have a character of its own, it is the result of attempting to be somewhat less funny and less significant than its antecedents and therefore establishing a more homogeneous mood of melancholy and modest amusement that is consistently engaging.

Under Alan Myerson's direction, the eight young performers work in a disciplined and self-effacing way. If one remembers Garry Goodrow and Hamilton Camp more than the others, it is because the former is the focal point in a scene that shows the deliberate deference a bunch of cocktail-party liberals shower on an ordinary newcomer when they discover he is part Negro, and because the latter offers us a remarkable imitation of a mechanical man. But the entire cast shines in the closing number where each must imitate a musical instrument and actually team together in a splendid concert rendition of "Mary Had a Little Lamb." While the material is never as expert as what one might get from a professional writer, the actors perform it in such a friendly way that one tends to be sympathetic when they must work their way through ineffective areas.

—Henry Hewes.

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The Birchbark Curtain

A TEXAN who described himself as "middle management" recently wrote the same letter to ten officers of the Xerox Corporation in Rochester, New York. "If you receive a carbon copy," his letter began, "it is because I most emphatically do not wish to use my company's Model 914 Xerox copier for reproducing this letter." This was the Texan's way of punishing Xerox for underwriting, at a cost of $4,000,000, six ninety-minute specials about the work of United Nations agencies. His action was triggered by a John Birch Society bulletin urging members to flood Xerox with "fifty to a hundred thousand letters of protest." He was obviously punishing himself, too, by refusing to use the copier, but his convictions are so fervently anti-U.N. that he was willing to make the personal sacrifice. "Do not threaten boycott, nor think of boycott," the bulletin had instructed, but this letter-writer could not "abide with such a suggestion. . . . If I see Xerox go ahead with their United Nations promotion," he wrote, "it will freeze in South Texas in mid-August before I ever in my corporate career . . . see another piece of Xerox hardware bought or used by myself or anyone who ever works for me."

About 2,100 other letter-writers, according to the Xerox count, had responded to the society's call by the end of August. Most respected the "no boycott" order; but all tried to talk Xerox out of its United Nations programs. Even a seventh-grade girl pleaded: "Please try to cansle [sic] your unAmerican [sic] plan, because this poor country is in a terrible mess as it is!" The letters ranged from scrawled invective to serious exposition of the far right's argument that the U.N. is a Communist-dominated front out to destroy the sovereignty and freedom of the republic.

Xerox noted that the letter-writers made no attempt to disguise the fact that one person wrote more than one letter. The latest tally shows that the 2,100 writers were responsible for 12,000 letters. Their non-duplicating self-sacrifice appears to have been in vain, however. The sponsor acknowledged all letters, notifying the correspondents that the corporation will not be deterred from its backing of the U.N. programs (they will appear on the ABC and NBC television networks this season). The first program to be filmed went into production recently in New York. It was written by Rod Serling, it stars Peter Sellers, and it is being produced and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. Top film and television talent will be involved in all the productions. Xerox has promised to "dispense with any and all customary product commercials, confining its message to simple and short institutional identification only." When it announced the television project earlier this year, the company said it knew the U.N. was "controversial" in this country and that the venture might create some enemies. But Joseph C. Wilson, Xerox president, added, "We also hope to win many more powerful friends." Mail reaction was light before the Birch Society bulletin, but it ran 10-1 in favor of the programs.

The ratio has since changed to 100-1 against. Interestingly enough, however, there has been a counter-action in favor of the project. It began when the San Francisco *Chronicle* broke the story of the protest drive and newspapers across the country picked it up. Since then, 1,710 favorable letters have been received, but these have been written by 1,710 individuals—nearly balancing the 2,100 negative correspondents. The John Birch Society may keep up its drive for a while but, with Xerox unmoved, the Birchers will eventually quit. A few years ago United Airlines put the U.N. insignia on its planes, but then took them off when the Birch Society made it the target of a similar letter-writing campaign. U.S. Rubber, in 1963, supported the U.N. in a memorandum to its employees and received the society's mass-letter treatment, but the company did not retract and the society did not persist. The Xerox U.N. project is good sense and good business, and the two have become synonymous in a world where no business can hope to have a future unless peace is maintained among nations.

Xerox does, of course, have one advantage. It has its own direct sales organization and does not sell to the public through dealers. This makes it less vulnerable to a consumer boycott than other corporations that may wish to support the U.N. publicly but are reluctant to do so. Television has known in the past the power of superpatriot minority groups that intimidate local dealers who in turn pass on their contagion of timidity to sponsors. Big business may learn, hopefully, that it cannot afford to let one Xerox carry the television burden alone; nor are six U.N. television specials enough. Somehow the mass-consumer television sponsors must find a way to break through the Birchbark Curtain. With more U.N. shows on all the networks, the Birchites would be writing so many letters that they might even be forced to use Xerox copiers.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and Yetta Arenstein

YANKEE FLICKS AND BRITISH POESY

Lord Byron wrote bitingly of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," but Raymond Butman of Torrance, California, has no bone to pick with the Hollywood film makers. Instead, he asks that you pair each of the movie titles below with its British source in Column Two. If you're still in the dark, lights go up on page 49.

1. *If Winter Comes*	( )	*Ode to a Nightingale*—Keats
2. *Tender Is the Night*	( )	*To a Mouse*—Burns
3. *Splendor in the Grass*	( )	*Dover Beach*—Arnold
4. *Days of Wine and Roses*	( )	*Ode to the West Wind*—Shelley
5. *Clash by Night*	( )	*Gentlemen Rankers*—Kipling
6. *Gone with the Wind*	( )	*Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*—Gray
7. *Tender Comrade*	( )	*Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood*—Wordsworth
8. *From Here to Eternity*	( )	*Vita summa brevis spem nos vetat incohare longam*—Dowson
9. *Of Mice and Men*	( )	*My Wife*—Stevenson
10. *Paths of Glory*	( )	*Non sum qualis eram bonae sub regno Cynarae*—Dowson

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Olé and All That Flamenco

VISITORS to the New York World's Fair have a chance to see some of the best flamenco dancing in the world. Visitors to the home stomping grounds of flamenco are not always so lucky.

If you ask a Spaniard where to find a good flamenco, he might very well send you to the Prado. You will find good flamenco there, all right, but it may not be exactly the kind you had in mind. The reason is simple: there are three different flamencos, but the definitions are not as uncomplicated as they might be. (Nothing ever is in Spain.)

The first flamenco relates to that part of the Low Countries that was once Flanders. The Flemish were considered quite Spanish (they were, after all, under Spanish rule), even though they were as unintelligible to a Castilian as a Basque with a head cold.

Flamenco No. 2 refers to an artistic style developed by Flemish painters and architects who blew into Spain to make their fortunes when Spain was the capital of the empire. The artists thought of themselves as Spanish and worked in a style that was essentially Spanish, but the Spaniards persisted in labeling it flamenco or Flemish (Are you still there?). Spain has always been able to turn foreigners into Spaniards faster than you can say Domenikos Theotokopoulos.

—*Jesús Nuño, Prensa.*

Rosa Duran—"pure, intense flamenco."

And that leaves us with flamenco No. 3, the music and dance that most of us think of when we hear the word "flamenco." The origins are murky, but some Madrileños insist it dates back to the "Tercios," the Spanish military groups that were somewhat Foreign Legion in character and based in Andalusia. To the haughty Castilians, so the theory goes, the honks of Flemish burghers and the shrill chatter of Andalusians sounded equally barbaric. So, with a total disregard for geographic differences, they lumped them together under the same heading. For some reason the name stuck, to the despair of logicians ever since.

This is a roundabout way of saying that flamenco can refer to almost anything and everything Spanish, including eggs with tomato sauce. But to non-Spaniards, flamenco usually means No. 3, the flamenco of travel posters, dance, music, gypsies, and Andalusian gaiety.

Where *that* flamenco came from is anybody's guess. The gypsies probably brought it from India via North Africa during one of the numerous Moorish invasions of Spain. In the transplanting, flamenco became a uniquely local product. Echoes of Eastern rhythms and Arabic tonalities remain, but the dynamism and intensity are irresistibly Spanish. And of all places in Spain, flamenco is most often associated with Granada.

Granada has attractions aplenty. Most spectacular is the Alhambra, that fairy-tale castle with golden spires, exquisite patios, and fountains that play at ear level. Almost as breathtaking is the nearby Generalife, which is not the insurance firm it sounds like, but a regal summer palace with beautiful gardens.

Yes, Granada's charms are many, but rousing, uninhibited flamenco, spontaneously danced by hot-blooded gypsies, is not, alas, one of them. Just how *much* it is not can be demonstrated by a recent visit of this tourist to that gypsy citadel.

My husband and I were touring Andalusia with a Castilian friend. When we arrived at our Granada hotel, we picked up a leaflet from the counter. It invited us to "Visit the Gypsy Caves and See Real *Flamenco*. Jou can admirer the best espectacle of sugestive Spanish Dancing in All Spain. Alwais heppy in *Flamenco* every naight."

Before we could dispose of the "invitation," our friend had pounced on it and decided the most diverting thing in the world at that moment, or at least that naight, would be to Visit a Gypsy Cave, complete with gay, abandoned flamenco dancers. Our concierge made the arrangements and at 9:30 (early by Spanish standards, about par for tourists) we drove across the city, through the orange-scented night air, up into the cool hills to the caves.

When we arrived, cars from other hotels were depositing their passengers at the entrance to one of the caves. Our driver remained stolidly by his car. "Aren't you coming in to watch the gypsies dance?" we asked. "No," was his answer. "I prefer to stay here and watch my car. Gypsies are better at making cars disappear than at dancing."

We paused to look at the Alhambra silhouetted in the moonlight in the hills across the way, with the twinkly town below, and then joined the group. Rosy-cheeked Germans, skeptical English school boys, Frenchmen with teen-aged daughters who must have stepped from a Sagan novel, bright-eyed American secretaries, remote, reserved Scandinavians, and a large cheerful family of Dutch or Belgian campers (flamencos?) all filed into the cave.

THE guide to our "espectacle of Spanish dancing" welcomed us with a toothy smile and urged us to inspect the typical gypsy cave inhabited by typical gypsies of Granada, a typical Andalusian town. We began laying side bets as to how many times he would use the word "typical" (or "tee-pee-coe," as he said) in the course of the evening. It wasn't long before we lost count.

There were two rooms in the cave, the first large enough to seat all forty of us in a semicircle, the second just able to hold a double bed, bureau, and chair, all in teepeecoe Grand Rapids gypsy style. A single electric light bulb dangled from the ceiling of each room. The guide assured us the cave was an ideal home, cool in summer and snug in winter. With whitewashed walls and neatly swept dirt floor, it required minimum upkeep, offered maximum efficiency. (Our Spanish companion whispered his guarded suspicion: "I'll bet they don't live here. With all they make on tourists like us, they've probably bought a castle further up the mountains.")

After a glass of red wine, teepeecoe *vino común*, the dancers appeared. They were: one toothless, wizened old lady, two chubby (I am being tactful—they looked more like Picasso's beefy *demoiselles*) middle-aged matrons, and a pre-Lolita girl of about eight, all wearing red-and-white or blue-and-white polka-dotted dresses, with flounces, ruffles, and trains. The costumes, at least, were au-

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thentic. The star (and solitary) male performer was a young man about seven, wearing tight black trousers and red silk shirt. Shuffling in behind them was an elderly man with a guitar. It was not exactly the Spanish Tourist Office image of a sexy-looking flamenco combo.

But to an *aficionado*, looks do not matter. Some of the best flamenco dancers do not look like a travel-poster stereotype. And some of the most mediocre ones do. We waited breathlessly.

And with a click of a castanet, the espectacle began. It soon became apparent that the chief ingredient of *this* musical gazpacho was noise. The stomping, whooping, clapping, and hollering defied belief. The group obviously operated on the theory that if they made enough commotion no one would notice they couldn't dance.

The toothless crone clapped with vigor and enthusiasm (though never in time with the music), as the children performed an unconscious parody of real flamenco, with hands extended in limp imitation of adult precision, feet shifting aimlessly. Granny whooped, cackled, giggled with innuendo, winked, and nudged indiscriminately anyone within nudging distance, as if to say, "Aren't they jewels?"

Then came the turn of the two Picassos. They wheezed, tossed their heads jerkily in a travesty of flamenco passion, wiggled their hips and shoulders, pounded their heels into the earth with the mechanical motion of a run-down machine. Although the floor was ample enough for ten more dancers, they kept flailing their arms haphazardly into each other's faces. All the while the guitarist plucked despondently, detached from the fray, muttering an occasional perfunctory "Olé."

"So this is flamenco," an Englishman next to me said. "What's all the shouting about?"

It was difficult for the dancing to rise to a climax, inasmuch as it began in frenzy and had nowhere to go but down. The result was virtually a shivaree. As the numbers continued, other gypsies crowded into the room, shouting approval and "Olé" at random. Obviously disdainful of the tourists' knowledge of Spanish, they called laughing admonishments to the dancers: "Don't waste the thousand-peseta number on this cheap crowd," and "Flash a teepeecoe smile so that fat cow in the corner can take your picture."

Several of the gypsy onlookers began taking pictures of the tourists taking pictures of the dancers. These, we later learned, were brought around next morning to the tourists' hotels and peddled to those not wide awake enough to say no.

When the dancing was over, we were led dutifully back to the cars. The children accompanied us, happy to pose with anyone who would provide the cash outlay. In the darkness, still other gypsies appeared, some with outstretched palms, others with smiling offers to lead us to other caves for "even better espectacles."

But where were the *real* gypsy dancers? Long gone from Granada's caves, I suspect—lured to the big-time circuits where the big-time money lies, on tours to Madrid, Barcelona, Paris, and New York. Only the grandmothers, cousins, sisters, and aunts are left to mind the caves—and the tourists. It is a pity no one bothered to teach the stay-at-homes how to dance. Or sing. Or play guitar. Or even clap. Possibly the cave tour is the gypsy form of Social Security—a way of keeping the old folks off the streets.

If this sounds like too harsh a judgment, let me add that it *is* possible to see and hear good flamenco in Granada. Two of the largest hotels—the Alhambra Palace and the Nevada Palace—feature it. The quality tends to be erratic, but often can be quite good, and even at its weakest it is far superior to the cynicism of the cave performance we witnessed. Spanish friends will urge you to spurn any offers of private flamenco parties late at night in remote caves. Hispanic distrust of gypsy ways comes from centuries of experience.

Of course, the pleasantest way to hear first-rate flamenco is to follow the path of Spanish *aficionados*, hire an informal flamenco group, and take over a cosy bar for the evening. Unfortunately, this isn't easy for a tourist on a tight schedule.

Even so, some of the best flamenco in Spain is available in Madrid and Barcelona regularly. From time to time in both cities, the big international flamenco names—Antonio, Rosario, *et al.*—make special appearances with their companies. They usually perform in large theaters, and their appearances are well publicized in the local newspapers. You don't really have to read Spanish to notice the ads on the entertainment pages. In the summer months, you can see reasonably good flamenco in the open air at La Florida, in Madrid's Retiro Park.

On a day-to-day basis, there are regular flamenco establishments. The best in Barcelona is probably Andalusia de Noche, with Jardines de España a close runner-up.

Popular and good is the brand-new Canasteros in Madrid, as well as the slightly older El Duende. A visit to the free-wheeling restaurant, Corral de Moreria, also offers an evening of uninhibited, professional, and exciting flamenco.

If you prefer a more restrained style, as I do, there is no place like La Zambra in Madrid. There Rosa Duran holds court, and a more controlled, dramatic, authentic dancer you are not likely to see. (She has spent the past few months at the Spanish Pavilion of the New York World's Fair, along with Antonio Gades, one of the best young male dancers.) What she says with distilled gesture is pure, intense flamenco, cool and hot at the same time. *Olé* indeed!

As for the gypsy caves, *flamenco caveat emptor* — and the sooner the better! —PATRICIA K. BROOKS.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Horace Sutton is on vacation.*

"—and if he still finds you resistible, dump it into his drink!"

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Antonio-Rosario—Heifetz-Piatigorsky—Kirov

LIKE cheese and wine, Spanish dancers improve with age—provided, like the others, they were any good to begin with. It was true of Escudero, La Argentina, and Argentinita, and it is true also of Antonio (Ruiz Soler), who returned to New York with a fine company mostly built up during his nine years' absence. The possibility is that, like his predecessors, Antonio was so abundantly gifted with vitality in youth that it tended to spill over and dissipate itself, until some of that first fine rapture was no longer careless.

The group with which he is performing in the City Center is called the Ballets de Madrid, and with cause. It totals twenty or more dancers and is capable of a highly creditable version of Falla's *Amor Brujo* as well as a range of more earthy matter both varied and interesting. Antonio tours with two conductors and a range of orchestral scores that adds much to the evening's pleasure.

However, what adds most are the dazzling talents of the featured dancer himself, a coiled snake in repose, a darting flame in motion. Both the reptilian and the flamboyant were marshaled for the lengthy solo called *El Martinete,* in which Antonio performed endless variations on a blacksmith's song intoned with throaty gusto by Chano Lobato and Sernita de Jerez. These ranged from a machine-gun-rapid *zapataedo* to a shimmering interlude of silence in which all that could be heard was the rhythmic handclaps of the singers and an occasional gasp from a member of the enthralled audience.

Whenever, in a breathing spot of *El Martinete*, it seemed that Antonio had reached a point of mental if not physical exhaustion, the barely suppressed applause conveyed a charge that sent him on for another five minutes or so. As with a master of the jazz idiom, one embellishment of the basic motif gave rise to another. It built to a final flight to the wings that held its momentum even when Antonio couldn't find his way "off" and had to return to center stage to make his exit. A rare master, Antonio, who should be good for another thirty or forty years.

The quality of the company was proof against letdown after even such a virtuoso display, thanks to the magnetism of Rosario and such other excellent dancers as Alicia Diaz and Paco Romero. Even when neither of the nominal stars was performing, the latter two cast a spell of fascination and delight with a beautifully choreographed tribute to Navarre. Their *jota* would have been a prime feature of any ordinary evening of Spanish dance. On this one, it merely kept the glow warm, the fire bright, till the next eruption of sparks.

Jascha Heifetz proved several things in his recent reappearance in Carnegie Hall, his first in New York since 1959, when he made a ceremonial "debut" at the United Nations. His mastery of the violin is as secure at sixty-three as it was at fifty-three or forty-three; he retains that illusion of physical well-being and youthful good looks that has been his for what seems like most of this century; and he possesses the magnetism to draw a houseful of listeners for a program of duos and trios that began at the unconventional—and, for most New Yorkers, inconvenient—hour of 7 P.M.

He did not, however, prove that the performance of duos by Boccherini and Marintinu with cellist Gregor Piatigorsky, or trios by Brahms (C major) and Arensky, in which they were joined by pianist Leonard Pennario, comes as easily to him or suits him as well as the literature of sonatas and concertos to which he has devoted most of his public life. Age has not withered nor custom staled his exquisite implacability, a quality that is to be admired when it is affiliated with the wizardly dispatch of difficulties that cause lesser performers to fret and sweat.

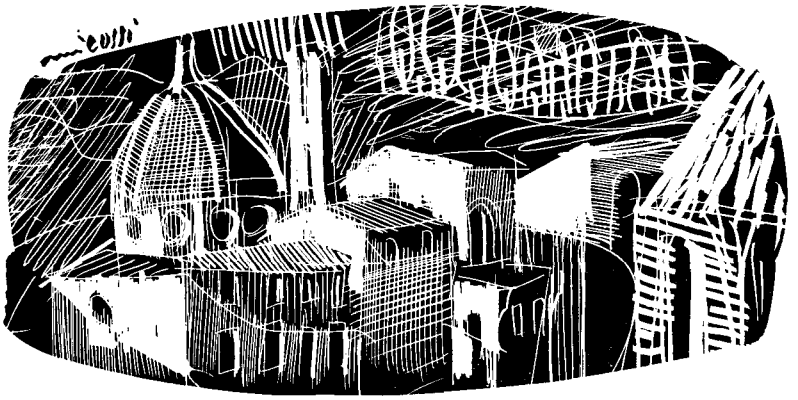
But the difficulty in playing a sonata by Boccherini or a trio by Brahms is of another sort altogether: it asks for a surrender of self to a common objective which is not merely difficult but perhaps impossible for a man of such strongly personal inclinations as Heifetz, or of such inherent musical reserve. He never raised his violinistic voice to a pitch of unmusical assertiveness, nor did he, as a performer, usurp any prerogative of his associates. But neither did he divest himself of that splendid isolation that has always surrounded him with a kind of icy halo, in order really to become half of a duo or one-third of a Brahms trio. His part of each was perfectly performed (which is more than could be said of some aspects of the sitting-down participants), but it did not give off the heat to fuse three solo efforts into one.

Two weeks of the Leningrad Kirov Ballet have proved beyond question—for this viewer, at least—that the character of any given evening's performance has more to do with an unseen participant than with any of the visible ones. He is Konstantin Sergeyev, who is not only the company's artistic director but also its principal choreographer. This means that as well as his strengths being the company's strengths, his limitations are its, also.

Sergeyev's treatment of the Petipa-Glazunov *Raymonda* is a bright, reasonably colorful presentation of the evening-long spectacle, in which most of the story-telling elements have been condensed or suppressed. This, of itself, is no great loss, but it puts a monstrous burden on the performer of the Princess which Irina Kolpakova only partially sustains. Eventually the joyous divertissements in which Yuri Soloviev plays a part arrive, but there is much that is tediously second-rate before this.

The mind-staggering subject of space flight has evoked a rather earthbound response from Sergeyev in *Distant Planet*. It is hard to imagine any mere choreography that could compare with earth-orbiting in eighty-nine minutes, but Sergeyev's formulations were better suited to something like Italy's conquest of Ethiopia than they were to man's conquest of space. Forty or so minutes in which Yuri Soloviev is almost constantly in view cannot be wholly mundane, but the leaps and entrachats, pirouettes, and attitudes were mostly from the male dancer's stock. He is lured Out There by an unknown ray, which he brings back to earth in the form of Gabriella Komleva. But the resolution is much in a May Day (or Fourth of July) spirit, as is the score by B. S. Maizel.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Four of the Season's Firsts

FIRST novels, bad as they usually are, have a special fascination. Here is somebody who, probably without either experience with publishing or encouragement from a publisher, has expended hours and hours of labor, all the resources of his imagination, and a deep reservoir of hope in trying to set down on paper his particular vision of life. He has—quite miraculously, it sometimes seems—persuaded a publisher that the book is a good investment, which means that the publisher believes, or pretends to believe, that enough copies of the novel can be sold at $4.95 or $5.95 or, heaven help us, $6.95 to pay for the costs of producing and distributing the book and yield a small margin of profit. At the very least the publisher hopes that the book will do him credit and that the author's next book will be a best-seller.

The first of the four novels we have on the docket is *Running Scared,* by Gregory McDonald (Obolensky, $4.50). McDonald, I learn from the jacket, was born in 1937, was educated at Harvard, and has been a sailor and a member of the Peace Corps. He gets the novel off to a fine start. It appears that McKensie Case, a nineteen-year-old Harvard undergraduate, has committed suicide by slashing his wrists while his roommate and old friend, Tom Betancourt, has sat by watching and reading a book. All Tom will say to police and university officials is that Case was free to kill himself if that was what he wanted to do.

The question that the officials ask themselves and that the reader asks himself is: what sort of guy is this Tom Betancourt? In a series of flashbacks McDonald tells us about Tom's past—his rich parents, his girl friends, his inability to love anyone. In the second half of the little novel Tom, using a false name, meets McKensie's sister Ellen and falls in love with her. She loves him too, but when he reveals his identity, there is hell to pay.

The plot has the simplicity of a Greek tragedy, but the novel is well below the tragic level. It is a melodrama, obviously contrived. It could have been more than that if McDonald had been able to make us believe in Tom as the detached, emotionless creature he is supposed to be, but he is credible in neither his loveless nor his loving state. Incidentally, McDonald's Harvard education seems to have left him with some uncertainty about the use of "who" and "whom."

Henry Lee, I gather, is a good bit older than Gregory McDonald, and had had a respectable career as a journalist before he undertook his first novel, *The Right Burgee* (Trident, $4.95). Lee has chosen to describe a crisis in the affairs of the Housatonic Yacht and Tennis Club. Offhand I find it hard to think of a subject less calculated to interest me, but I cannot deny that various novelists, from Jane Austen on, have done well with themes that were not much more impressive.

The trouble with *The Right Burgee* is that a trivial incident remains a trivial incident. Since Lee can't convince me that it matters a damn whether Joe Dreyer is or is not blackballed, I can't see Al Babcock as a hero, and I don't much care whether he wins or loses. On the other hand, I grant that Lee writes authoritatively and amusingly on the strange rites and sanguinary feuds of suburbia. Once I had abandoned myself to my duty, I quite enjoyed the book, but I doubt that posterity will be much concerned with it.

Robert Boles, the author of *The People One Knows* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.95), is twenty-one, according to the jacket. He writes about a young Negro soldier, Saul Beckworth, who has tried to commit suicide and has been sent to an Army hospital—this is in France—for examination. After describing his hospital experiences, Boles gives an account of a day Saul spends with some French friends of his. Various incidents take place, some disturbing to Saul, some encouraging, and at the end he is still trying to understand himself.

Unlike McDonald, who starts off with a bang, Boles has pitched his story in a low key. He writes quietly about Saul's experiences, and he does very well with some of the scenes, particularly those in which the color of Saul's skin is a factor. He tries hard to be both subtle and significant, and if he often misses the mark, the novel remains an impressive piece of apprentice work.

The best novel of the four, the one about which I can talk in terms of achievement, not merely of promise, is *Love,* by Justin Mamis (Stein & Day, $4.95). A story of a Jewish family, it begins with the father, Isaac Schuman, in the hospital after a heart attack. He

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has a well-intentioned but garrulous and fussy wife, Becky, and they have two sons, Ethan and John. Ethan, a good boy, works in his father's drygoods store. John, on the other hand, is a rebel and has left home to become a wanderer.

John, who has been informed of his father's illness, gets home at last, rejoicing Isaac's heart, but there are troubles to come. Ethan, good boy though he is, is in love with a gentile, and if his father can be philosophical about this, his mother cannot. The two boys have never got on well together, and there is a good deal of friction between them at this time, particularly when John seems to be paying attention to Ethan's girl. Finally, John announces that he is a conscientious objector—this is the time of the Korean War—and many of the townspeople turn against the Schumans.

MAMIS does well with all the characters. The mother, with her worries and her stratagems, might easily be a caricature, but she is not. Both boys are sharply drawn, and the reader sympathizes with them both. The real achievement is Isaac Schuman. He is a mild little man, who will go a long way to avoid trouble but will stand up to it when he has to. It is typical of him that he tries to maintain friendly relations between Jews and gentiles by writing letters to the local paper to explain Jewish customs. To John his father seems ridiculously timid, and to some extent, I suspect, the author agrees. But Mamis has written about the old man with sympathy as well as insight, and Isaac emerges as something of a hero and something of a saint. He wants to help everyone, not least his wife, and he is surprisingly successful.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1104

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1104 will be found in the next issue.

YZYPT FVL RVM V PVELT NSPLYP SX REM DEXY QRYLNY NSFYM XSHD QYVGRYP QRENR XSDD-SQM REF.

PENRGYP

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1103

Half of us are blind, few of us feel, and we are all deaf. —OSLER.

The European Literary Scene

Franz Kafka's posthumous fortunes prospered this year, with translations of his works into Russian and Eastern European languages, and with a fortieth anniversary observance of his death in Prague, attended by his discoverer-editor Max Brod. The year has not, however, cleared up the most tragic mystery of Kafka's personal life, the possible existence of a son. The first clues are the thirty letters that remain to us of his liaison with Margarete Bloch, best friend of his fiancée, Felicita Bauer. Franz met these two twenty-year-old working girls in Berlin, and became informally engaged to Fräulein Bauer. In 1913 (when Franz began to dally with a Swiss girl at the Hartungen Sanatorium) Felicita sent Margarete to Prague with the mandate of getting Franz to declare their engagement formally. The mission succeeded, but with the complication that Franz apparently left Margarete with child, a son who was to die in Munich at the age of seven in 1921, when Kafka was starting the *Castle*. Franz himself was to die only three years later.

Giorgio Zampa, writing in the *Stampa* of Turin, confirms the existence of photographs of this child, which Margarete revealed to certain intimates around 1940. It is presumed that she never informed her friends Franz and Felicita, engaged until 1917, of the child's existence. Felicita eventually married another and fled Hitlerism to Canada. Margarete, also Jewish, escaped to Italy, where the Wehrmacht caught up with and evidently killed her in 1944, in the Ciociaria town of San Donato di Val Comino. The thirty letters by Kafka to this unhappy heroine were not included in Brod's edition of the novelist's correspondence (1958). And now the mystery of Kafka's son is moving to our shores. More than 2,000 Kafka letters, mostly to Felicita, have been bought by an American publisher. It is rumored that among these there are the letters of Margarete revealing her burdensome secret of a sire and a son, both dead.

What an irony if Kafka, whose story "Eleven Sons" represented in Brod's words "the symbol of Kafka's longing for paternity," had a son and never knew it. How cruel, when one remembers the forlorn entry in his *Journal*: "Without ancestors, marriage, or descendants, and with a violent desire for ancestors, marriage, and descendants!"

Habent sua fata libelli. Tempted to mention in earlier newsletters *snobissimo*, the new social satire by Pierre Daninos, I held off, even though I personally considered it worthy of being shelved alongside Thackeray's *Book of Snobs*. Yet one cannot continue to overlook a book that has remained for months the No. 1 best-seller in France, topping Sartre, Troyat, and such heavyweights. Indeed, it may even outstrip Daninos's charming *Notebooks of Major Thompson*. It all started in Venice when young Pierre sought the gondolier who would most impress his current inamorata. Rejecting those of more simple garb, he selected a dandy dressed all in white, with scarlet sash and beribboned boater, one whose gondola moreover boasted blue-chevroned oars and a brilliant prow. The rejected oarsmen heckled him with *"snobissimo,"* thus adding an Italian suffix to a venerable English word that originally meant cobbler, though it now applies to a non-U person with U pretensions. Daninos's history and anatomy of snobbism (why does English prefer snobbery?) has an affinity with recent best-sellers on gamesmanship, status-seeking, and the like. The cutting, ironical *mot* goes back to antiquity, when the non-U Diogenes asked the Emperor Alexander to step aside and not block the sunlight.

Daninos probes snobbism in daily life: when the snob asks for sausage and red wine as the butler is passing caviar and Clicquot rosé, when one exhibits Kierkegaard and Heidegger on one's coffee table even though one is halfway through *Caroline chérie* (Sinclair Lewis thought that in such circumstances one should exhibit the learned medieval quarterly *Speculum*). Daninos explains how snobbism exists "in every rank of mortal life," thus echoing Thackeray. He exposes the ruses of its practitioners in business, medicine, education, politics, sports, and so on. Even dogs are snobs, says Daninos, which would explain why French poodles are trimmed as they are. To Daninos, "the desire to appear is greater than the desire to be." Thus, the snob. The title *snobissimo* is written with a lower-case *s*, which would lead one to conclude that Daninos is, as he admits, himself a snob. I once lunched with him (name-dropping snobbism) and found no traces of this trait. Only a sadness bordering on melancholy, traditionally the mark of a great humorist.

Crowding Daninos on the best-seller list is Robert Escarpit, professor at the

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University of Bordeaux and biographer of Hemingway, whose nonfiction hit, the *Littératron,* is also social satire. This picaresque tale, as the author calls it, spoofs promoters and "operators" at loose in the cultural and political circles of Paris, even while it envisions the terrible potentialities of cybernetics and electronic computers. One Mériadec Le Guern invents and promotes a machine that can compose the appropriate level of prose desired from the vocabulary stored in its memory disc: best-sellers according to the current formula, electoral harangues, television speeches, and the like. In a world accustomed to hidden persuaders, subliminal conditioning, semantic wizardry, and translating machines, the Littératron is a crowning if inevitable achievement. The French, including Escarpit, enjoy speculating about the brave new world of technology, even though deeply convinced that Cartesian logic and common sense will accomplish anything that a machine can. Yet at the end of this parody, Escarpit confesses a weakness for "merchants of illusions, dabblers in wind, and climbers of clouds."

One of the ironies of Eugene Ionesco's belated acceptance by his native Rumania is that he is, after all, the author of two great anti-Hitlerian dramas, the *Killer* and the *Rhinoceros.* By rights, his anti-Nazi hero Bérenger (*"Je ne capitule pas!"*) should have stirred East as well as West. Perhaps out of fear that the unlabeled political allegory might be thought to refer to the wrong ideology, the *Rhinoceros* was long withheld from the Rumanians. It has now been unveiled before Bucharest audiences, to great enthusiasm. Reviewers and radio commentators have made it clear which ideology is the target. All part of the thaw and the "assimilation of Western literature," as Radio Budapest put it. The chairman of the Rumanian Writers Union, Mihai Beniuc, said this year, "We want to establish contacts with men of good will who believe in peaceful coexistence, and are convinced that a clash of opinion and dialogue between men of different opinions can only help."

Eugene Ionesco—*Rhinoceros* assimilated.

Recently Ionesco issued a curious, indirect warning that play directors, like critics, should not read into dramas political meanings which do not exist. On hearing of the drowning of Robert Postec, Ionesco eulogized this director of his plays for his objectivity. "Although very clearly oriented politically, Rostec would never let one read into an author or a work things which he or it did not intend." Indeed, continues Ionesco, many a demagogic director wins easy fame by betraying the pages he is animating with rhythm, breath, and personality. The warning reminds us of Nabokov's parody of a state theater troupe rehearsing *Hamlet* and making it ideologically correct.

One of the current literary debates in France is whether one should undertake a film of Proust's *Recherche du temps perdu.* This in fact was the theme of the September gathering of Les Amis de Combray et de Marcel Proust at Illiers, the village 113 kilometers from Paris (below Chartres) immortalized by Proust as Combray. Literary scholars, film critics, and cineasts debated the matter in a wing of the house where Proust spent his vacations as a child, the house of *Swann's Way.* Henry Agel, editor of the *Cahiers du Cinéma,* was the principal speaker. Laurent LeSage, author of *The Literary Friendships of Marcel Proust,* writes me that the liveliness of the sessions was rivaled by the charm of the old church town, the sixteenth-century basilica with its eleventh-century chapel, the rustic houses dating from the Middle Ages and the Directory.

How could one successfully translate Proust's *roman fleuve* or part of it to the screen? Flaubert, Tolstoy, James, Dostoevsky, and others have been so transmuted, with varying success. Yves Robert has just finished making a film of Jules Romains's riotous *Les Copains* (the Cronies), including the scene of the nude living statue of Vercingetorix, a real *difficulté vaincue.* Yet the subtleties and alembics of Proust risk mightily being lost in the transfer. Poetry, as has been said, is what is lost in translation. This especially applies to translation to the screen.

Not only do scholars fear for the outcome; the film critics are also apprehensive. Writes Jean-Louis Bory in a recent number of *Art* (Paris), "I tremble

Pierre Daninos—dandy for an inamorata.

when I hear talk of a film made on the novel of Proust—even if this film, in all humility, is admitedly the most faithful possible, even if the work of Proust is reduced to the limits of *Un amour de Swann.* In the present state of things, a novel finds itself mortally stifled in a film. There exists a sort of unkeying between cinema and literature, an out-of-gear situation scarcely compensated by substitution of image for word, and a resulting divergence in speed of perception." Bory's well-taken point is that if a short story requires a feature-length film to do it justice, even one volume of Proust's *Remembrance* would require many hours on the screen.

World-wide plans are already well advanced for the 700th anniversary of the birth of Dante Alighieri, to be centered next April in Florence, which exiled him, and the splendid Byzantine town of Ravenna, which took him in. Perhaps no poet has ever been the object of more study, or earned for candidates more doctorates given out for theses on him (Dante unhappily never obtained one). What lasting values does this medieval thinker have for a generation aiming to colonize the moon, that "eternal pearl," as he called it? (Dante in the thirteenth century projected his man onto the moon: Cain carrying a bundle of thorns—*Inferno,* xx, 126.) The Dante Society of America is working out ambitious plans to make this country aware of the anniversary; there will be a Dante postage stamp, for example. If you wish to lend support to the project or engage a lecturer for your community, write to the national chairman, Dr. Vincent Cioffari, The Dante Society of America, Boylston Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Next April I'll send you an on-the-spot report from Florence.

—Robert J. Clements.

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Making the Publishing Party Rounds

AS I write this, I can look over to a corner of my desk and see nine invitations to cocktail parties to be given in the next two weeks by nine different publishers. In the wastebasket are the remains of invitations to three others I attended last week. I am not bragging about these invitations, I assure you. I write this column on the book world and I frequently review books; hence my popularity. If I should decide never to bathe again or take up kicking Seeing-Eye Dogs as a hobby, the invitations would still pour in.

Once in a while I have wondered what the purpose is behind the parties. I've even toyed with the thought that there is no value to them at all, but I've quickly dismissed that notion. If so many publishers celebrate the publication of books with parties, there must be a reason. If only I were brighter I could see it. So, with a wide-open mind, I went to all three publishing parties given last week. I offer now the minutes of the meetings:

Party One—Wednesday. The book: *Contemporary Yugoslav Graphic Art*. Publisher: Shorewood. The party, from 5:30 to 7:30 P.M., took the form of an art exhibition of contemporary Yugoslav graphics and paintings set up in the Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company. I showed the bank guard my invitation —"Slivovitz and other refreshments will be served"—and was admitted to the marble halls. Part way down one side of the large room were pegboard easels on which hung the originals of the pictures in the book. Just beyond the pictures was a table on which rested two copies of the book being fêted. No one was near either. The crowd was in the vicinity of a small service bar at the other end of the room. One or two guests held glasses of slivovitz. The rest had conventional drinks in their hands. I grabbed a Scotch and soda and took a quick turn of the exhibition. Along the lonely way, I was approached by Donald R. Hassell, assistant vice president of the bank. "I'm responsible for all three-dimensional displays the bank has. We started these bank displays with a show of *Saturday Evening Post* covers. God, they were gorgeous!

"Our greatest exhibit was by one of our own messengers. It's a complete model of St. Peter's basilica. He's been working on it for twelve years, and it's not finished yet. It's made of hydrostone, a compound which has to be molded. You know how he got the lines in the dome? By laying cooked spaghetti into the compound. The exhibit I really want to get is by a man who makes statues by gluing matches together."

Out of the corner of my eye, I spotted a handsome couple who looked very Continental. On the off-chance of hearing a word or two that had something to do with why I was standing in front of an empty teller's cage drinking Scotch with a deposit slip for a coaster, I drifted over their way. In an accent which, for all I'll ever know, might be Serbo-Croatian, I heard the man say, "Yaas, they haff this wondersfool jukes box in there. Shows moofing pictures. You want nother dreenk?"

The beautiful creature with him handed over her glass. He took it. "What you dreenking? Slivovitz?"

"Yuck," she shuddered. "Scotch, pliss."

At 7:40, ten minutes after the official end of the party, a loosely entwined couple stumbled on the two display copies of *Contemporary Yugoslav Graphic Art*. "Oh, look! Here's the book," she squealed. I left.

PARTY Two — Thursday. Let me say only that it was given at one of New York's most famous—and most expensive —restaurants by a very large publishing house in honor of a retired businessman who had written his memoirs. As I entered the room, one of the publisher's publicity men grabbed my arm. "Boy, am I glad to see you. No one's showed up."

I looked over the thirty-odd people standing around. I recognized most of them as members of the publishing house's staff. As soon as I got my drink, the hand was back under my arm. "You've got to do me a favor. Meet the guest of honor. Somebody from a magazine has got to."

I was ushered over to the author's table and was introduced to him. He, in turn, presented his wife. I wished him luck with his book, and we all stared at each other. Seemingly hours later, a bespectacled woman from a business magazine was brought to the table. She opened her purse and took out a stack of file cards. "What business accomplishment do you remember with the most satisfaction, sir?" she asked, then scowled. "God, I hate that question."

I sneaked away to the publicity man's table, where he was urging his wife to help him out by meeting the guest of honor. When they returned, the wife looked flustered. "I felt so sorry for him that I told him I was from *Time* magazine, and I thought he might make a good cover story."

Someone placed on the table a copy of the book we were celebrating. No one touched it. One of the men at the table told us he had been a magician before going into publishing. To prove it he swallowed a yellow plastic mustard spreader. It later materialized in a vase of carnations, to no one's amazement.

PARTY Three—Friday. The Book: *How the World Began*, by Dorothy. Publisher: Pantheon. Dorothy Straight, at age four, told her mother the story of her book, and her mother wrote it down. Now Dorothy is six, and to celebrate the publication of her book Pantheon was throwing an ice-cream party in a private dining room of Schrafft's. The invitation said, "Bring your children, if they are under ten years of age." I invited my niece, Miss Terri Wolk, age three-and-a-half, to be my guest.

We entered a room that contained three little girls, one of them Dorothy, and at least fifteen adults. We were met by one of the publisher's representatives. "Dorothy worked all summer at signing the fifty copies of her book we sent to her." The lady looked down at Terri. "When you leave you will get an autographed copy of Dorothy's book." Terri made no comment.

A woman bustled over. "Oh, listen, can we borrow your little girl? We want to take a picture with Dorothy. It's for the *New York Times* about her book." Terri was led over to a small round table where Dorothy sat, wedged tightly between two little girls. Each child wore a party hat and had a tall ice-cream sundae in front of her. Terri looked at the hats she didn't have and the ice cream she wasn't offered, and her face puckered. "Would you like a hat?" I called.

She nodded. I grabbed a crêpe-paper matelot's cap with a twenty-nine-cent price tag on it and stuck it on her head. "Could you put her on her knees on the chair?" the photographer asked. "We can't see her." He seemed annoyed with me for not bringing a child of the right height for a Schrafft's table.

"Would you like some ice cream, too?" I asked. She nodded, and a waitress plopped down a sundae in front of her. It completely hid her face from the photographer. The photographer shook his head. "This won't do at all!"

I decided that I had come to this ice-cream bash to launch a book, not to warp a child. "Would you like to come to a table with me?" I asked. She spoke.

(*Continued on page* 49)

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Fall Kicks off the Big Book

NONFICTION

October

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Charles Chaplin. Simon & Schuster. $6.95. The millionaire-tramp recalls his brilliant, controversial life from its lowly London beginnings to his present alpine position as the outstanding comic genius of his time.

THE JOURNALS OF DAVID E. LILIENTHAL. Vol. I, The TVA Years, 1939-45. Vol. II, The Atomic Energy Years, 1945-50. Harper & Row. $10 ea. The decision of one of the important decision-makers of the Roosevelt-Truman Administrations to make public his private papers covering those years is a felicitous one for his admirers and critics.

NOT UNDER OATH. By John Kieran. Houghton Mifflin. $5. The naturalist, newsman, and scholar reviews a rich and varied life, enjoyed whether he was bird-watching at Chateau-Thierry during World War I or wits-matching on radio's *Information Please*.

THE KING AND HIS COURT. By Pierre Viansson-Ponte. Houghton Mifflin. $5. Understandably, this original and instructive approach to the Legend of Lorraine and his leading Gaullists created a sensation in Europe when the author, a noted French newspaperman, described the quasi-religious trappings and very-royalist tone of the Fifth Republic.

DRAMATIC PERSONAGES. By Denis de Rougemont. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.50. How artists are changed by the ideas they create is the substance of this de Rougemont critical drama "starring" such minds as Goethe, Kierkegaard, Kafka, Luther, Calvin, Gide, and T. E. Lawrence.

THE HEART OF MAN. By Erich Fromm. Harper & Row. $3.95. The eminent psychoanalyst advances a Schweitzerian approach to life as a creative roadblock to the alternate death-drive in man.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY: THE TAFTS. By Ishbel Ross. New American Library. $6.50. A complete and delightful chronicle of the Ohio dynasty, from Alfonso to Robert Alfonso, Jr., which has included members of Congress, Cabinets, and courts, philanthropists, publishers, and the twenty-seventh President of the United States.

JACK LONDON: A Biography. By Richard O'Connor. Little, Brown. $6.75. A look at the restless turn-of-the-century writer for whom the call of the wild was woefully real.

IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO . . . By Joseph Wood Krutch. Sloane. $5.95. The protean Mr. Krutch dwells on everything from capital punishment to the science-culture gap.

FAIR LADY. By Cecil Beaton. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95. Hollywood's Miss Doolittle & Co. as observed by the celebrated set and costume designer on the lot where they worked.

PURITAN PROMENADE. By Martha Bacon. Houghton Mifflin. $3.95. An engaging closeup of some New England ladies who lived in the late eighteenth to early nineteenth century but who thought twentieth-century-wise.

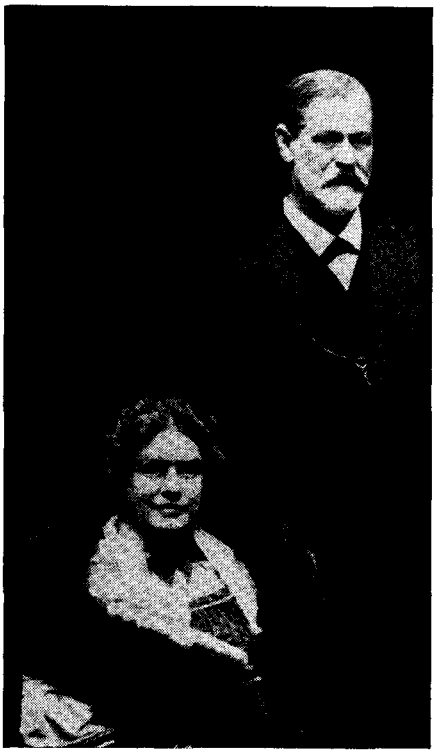
THE MORNING OF THE MAGICIANS. By Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier. Stein & Day. $5.95. The message from this international best-seller concerned with ESP, alchemy, and the occult is for the adventuresome to re-analyze reality and consider the "high-frequency man of the future."

THE ACT OF CREATION. By Arthur Koestler. Macmillan. $8.95. In what he considers to be his greatest work, Mr. Koestler attempts to probe the conscious and unconscious processes underlying *the act of creation*.

MARKINGS. By Dag Hammarskjöld. Knopf. $4.95. Described by the late U.N. Secretary General as a "sort of *white book* concerning my negotiations with myself and God," this spiritual self-profile offers a poignant opportunity to visit the personal world of a publicized figure.

THE SOUTHERN MYSTIQUE. By Howard Zinn. Knopf. $4.95. The Beverley Prize-winner and former history department head of Georgia's Spelman College lifts the cotton curtain to reveal that the racial prejudices of the South are neither instinctive nor unreachable.

FROM FROZEN NORTH TO FILTHY LUCRE. By Ronald Searle. Viking. $6.95. Equipped with a sharp eye and a cutting pen, Mr. Searle performs brilliant surgery on the body American as he saw and sketched it at Florida's Fountainebleau Hotel and New York's World's Fair.



—From "The Freud Journal of Lou Andreas-Salomé."

Lou Andreas-Salomé and Sigmund Freud—a dream symbol.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER'S GIFT OF FRIENDSHIP. By Erica Anderson. Harper & Row. $4.95. Thirty-two photographs and countless anecdotes collected during the seven years the author spent filming her Academy Award-winning documentary on Dr. Schweitzer provide a well-developed picture of life and its world-famed advocate at Lambaréné.

HEREDITY AND THE NATURE OF MAN. By Theodosius Dobzhansky. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.75. The distinguished geneticist reflects as a citizen-scientist on the whole complex story of human life from its origins to the plans in progress for the improvement of the species.

MY FRIEND DEGAS. By Daniel Halévy. Wesleyan Univ. Press. $6. This intimate study of the artist and his celebrated circle is highlighted by the many accompanying photographs taken by Degas and his descriptions of two friends who were prototypes for Proust's Swann and Baron de Charlus.

THE DIARIES OF PAUL KLEE, 1898-1918. Edited by Felix Klee. Univ. of California Press. Prior to October 26, $8.50; thereafter, $10. The artist-as-journalist shares his many-sided life and important role in the creative world of the twentieth-century in these fascinating and generously illustrated entries.

THE JOURNAL OF JULES RENARD. Edited and translated by Louise Bogan and Elizabeth Roget. Braziller. $6. A brilliant autobiographical introduction to the late nineteenth-century-born novelist and playwright on whom the French have recently draped the mantle of master.

SHADOW AND ACT. By Ralph Ellison. Random House. $5.95. In his first book in ten years this forceful voice of Negro society says what he thinks about everything from the problems of his race to the pleasures of jazz.

LA BONNE TABLE. By Ludwig Bemelmans. Simon & Schuster. $8.95. The late Mr. Bemelmans lavishly illustrates and lovingly remembers the lost world of luxury as he salutes the geniuses of the great kitchens and titans of the table.

BRENDAN BEHAN'S NEW YORK. By Brendan Behan. Bernard Geis. $5.95. A Paul Hogarth-illustrated Manhattan pub crawl with the spirited Dubliner as he meets the likes of Mailer and Baldwin and tells tales taller than the buildings.

A TIME FOR CHRISTIAN CANDOR. By James A. Pike. Harper & Row. $3. During what he suggests is a modern religious revolution, the eloquent Episcopal Bishop entreats all Christians to think the theologically unthinkable.

THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE. By Joseph Wechsberg. Little, Brown. $10.95. The noted author and *New Yorker* correspondent offers this elegantly illustrated and priced response to readers who want a recipe for the good life and who would never be so gauche as to expect the best things to be free.

TOXIQUE. By Françoise Sagan. Dutton. $3.95. Enhanced by Bernard Buffet drawings throughout, Miss Sagan's new book is

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a diary of her nine days in a special clinic where she withdrew to withdraw from the morphine she began to take following a 1957 automobile accident.

THE ITALIAN STORY. By Geoffrey Trease. Vanguard. $6.50. An urbane, informal guide into the three-thousand-year-old past of the Mediterranean mecca for history's poets and travelers.

THE BARRYMORES. By Hollis Alpert. Dial. $6.95. Post-Christmas, $7.95. *SR*'s movie critic places an expertly researched biographical crown on the heads of the theater's royal family, whose spectacular successes and failures awed three generations of ticket buyers.

SELECTED POEMS. By Stephen Spender. Random House. $4. A lyric voice, hoarsened by age, still heartens those who long as they live.

November

PICASSO AT WORK: An Intimate Photographic Study. By Edward Quinn. Doubleday. $25. Through the eye of his neighbor-photographer's camera, Picasso is magnificently seen in his daily south-of-France life at ease and at the easel.

A LITTLE LEARNING. By Evelyn Waugh. Little, Brown. $5. In this first instalment of his autobiography, Mr. Waugh analyzes his ancestors, remembers his years before manhood, and throughout performs as one of England's most perceptive pre-World War I social historians.

COLD FRIDAY. By Whittaker Chambers. Random House. $5.95. A thoughtful and final appraisal by Mr. Chambers of the significance of the era he witnessed.

THE BURDEN OF GUILT. By Hannah Vogt. Oxford. $6. This no-holds-barred documentation of the events and social climate that culminated in the horror of Hitler was originally published as a history book for Germany's younger generation and has since been providing their parents and the world with an unforgettable lesson.

A GENTLEMAN OF BROADWAY. By Edwin Palmer Hoyt. Little, Brown. $6.95. The gent is the superb storyteller-journalist who had a newspaper beat that covered the world but whose most enduring dateline is, of course, Broadway—Damon Runyon.

RUSSIA AT WAR: 1941-1945. By Alexander Werth. Dutton. $10. As war correspondent for the London *Sunday Times* and BBC, the author reported the military and diplomatic events he authoritatively describes in this arresting recall of Russia's "finest hour."

MAN AND HIS SYMBOLS. By C. G. Jung. Doubleday. $12.95. Post-Christmas, $14.95. Conceived and edited by the pioneering psychologist just before his death, this informatively illustrated book explains in lay terms the language of dreams that interprets his theory of the "collective unconscious."

WAR AGAINST WANT: America's Food for Peace Program. by Senator George S. McGovern. Walker. $5. How to feed the starving and rapidly multiplying multitudes is the global nightmare to which the wide-awake first director of President Kennedy's White House Food for Peace Office urgently directs our attention.

FRIEDA LAWRENCE: The Memoirs and Correspondence. Edited by E. W. Tedlock, Jr. Knopf. $7.50. The experiences and philosophy of the Prussian aristocrat's daughter who shared the poverty and prominence of the always-embattled D. H.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD. By Wallace I. Matson. Cornell Univ. Press. $4.95. The philosophy professor-author, armed with wit and a wide range of supporting and contradictory evidence, sets forth to investigate "the reasonableness of believing that there is at least one God."

EQUAL TIME: The Private Broadcasters and the Public Interest. By Newton H. Minow. Edited by Lawrence Laurent. Atheneum. $5.95. In this vastly enlightening collection of speeches and essays, the former FCC chairman airs his program of changes and challenges for the nation's networks.

WE ARE NOT ALONE. By Walter Sullivan. McGraw-Hill. $7.95. The *New York Times* science editor advances the pulse-quickening suggestion that signals from other civilizations are encroaching on ours, and contemplates the religious and philosophical implications thereof.

SCHOOLHOUSE IN THE CLOUDS. By Sir Edmund Hillary. Doubleday. $5.95. With Sir Edmund as guide, this is an engrossing progress report on the Sherpa school and civic program instituted in 1961 by his expedition in gratitude to the helpful Himalayans during the acclaimed climb.

COMMUNIST CHINA: The Early Years. By A. Doak Barnett. Praeger. $6.95. These articles, originally appearing as reports for the American University Field Staff and in various foreign-policy publications, detail the organizational and ideological development of a very durable Red China.

MAN AND HIS TIME. By J. B. Priestley. Doubleday. $12.95. Post-Christmas, $14.95. A bewitchingly illustrated and multi-dimensional attempt to solve the mystery of time as it has marched from shadow clocks to extrasensory perception.

THE FREUD JOURNAL OF LOU ANDREAS-SALOME. Translated by Stanley A. Leavy. Basic Books. $4.95. The fabulous figure in Freud's dreams records her 1912-13 experiences with and ideas about the Viennese genius and close-friends Rilke, Beer-Hofmann, Werfel, *et* famous *al.*

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT: A Friend's Memoir. By Joseph P. Lash. Doubleday. $4.95. Sharing his twenty-three-year-old friendship with Mrs. Roosevelt, the New York *Post* writer also sheds light on the dark days of the Thirties when the First Lady was one of the few friends the young had.

THE KENNEDY YEARS. Viking. $16.50. In concert with the *New York Times*, who edited the thousands of words they devoted to the career of John Kennedy, top photographers have contributed a picture accompaniment to recreate one of the most exciting and tragic human stories of all time.

THE THIEF'S JOURNAL. By Jean Genet. Grove. $6. Set in the dark alleys of Barcelona's Barrio Chino, this eyebrow-raising autobiographical audit of society's rejects has been endorsed by Sartre as "the most beautiful book that Genet has written."

THE NEW MEANING OF TREASON. By Rebecca West. Viking. $6.95. In this extension of her notable *The Meaning of Treason* Miss West revises her material on William Joyce (Lord Haw-Haw) and analyzes more recent political scandals, including the headliner that led to the suicide of Stephen Ward, who left other Lords haw-hawing, if only in relief.

Fiction

October

LITTLE BIG MAN. By Thomas Berger. Dial. $5.95. In this gun-slinging memoir, dictated by a three-year-old fictional frontiersman, the West was not only wild, it was hysterical—as will be you.

THE BRIGADIER AND THE GOLF WIDOW. By John Cheever. Harper & Row. $4.95. In this new collection readers are happily rendered sixteen more fanciful reasons why Mr. Cheever stands tall among short-story writers.

ONE O'CLOCK IN THE BUTTON FACTORY. By Jerome Beatty, Jr. Macmillan. $4.95. It will become immediately clear why, in his amusing analysis of "what makes Americans more American than other people," *SR*'s TRADE WINDS columnist assembles his outrageously rugged individuals in a button factory.

THE INTERROGATION. By J. M. G. Le Clezio. Atheneum. $4.50. This prize-winning first novel about the interior adventure of a solitary young man has the 100,000 French readers who bought it and the critics who reviewed it comparing the author with Kafka, Joyce and Beckett.

THE LORD JESUS. By Robert Payne. Abelard-Schuman. $4.95. Against the background of the Palestine he knows so well, Mr. Payne depicts the Nazarene in a bourgeois *milieu.*

UNFINISHED FUNERAL. By Niccolò Tucci. Simon & Schuster. $3.95. A sumptuous study of Spanish nobility and one of its most amazing matriarchs, who used a long-playing death scene to manipulate the lives of her husband and children.

THE HANDS OF CANTU. By Tom Lea. Little, Brown. $6.75. With his thirty-two ink drawings adding another dimension to this unique adventure story of a famed gold-hungry horseman and his talented protégé, Tom Lea presents a total picture of life in a savage, sixteenth-century Mexico.

BAD CHARACTERS. By Jean Stafford. Farrar, Straus. $4.95. Miss Stafford again displays her deft touch in these tales ranging in content from the travails of a "consciously bilious" schoolgirl to the tears of a love-bereft Bostonian.

November

FIRST PAPERS. By Laura Z. Hobson. Random House. $6.95. The author draws from her own family history in this story of how a Russian Jewish immigrant grapples with the social and political forces of his time.

ELOISE IN THE BAWTH. By Kay Thompson. Harper & Row. $3.95. Fun for the fans of the insouciant six-year-old who parlays a simple "bawth" into a watercade of ridiculous mischief before she staggers back to her Plaza playground.

THE KEY TO MY HEART. By V. S. Pritchett. Random House. $3.95. Mr. Pritchett has a field day with the preposterous activities of a British baker and dozens of other *Tom Jones*—Kingsley Amis-type Anglo-fools.

—PATRICIA BUNKER.

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Light on the Radical Right

The Strange Tactics of Extremism, *by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (Norton. 320 pp. $4.50), indicts the radical Right for exploiting the "Communist menace" as a means to attack everybody and everything with which they disagree. Roscoe Drummond is Washington columnist for the New York Herald Tribune.*

By ROSCOE DRUMMOND

THIS is a calm book on a hot subject, written by the right authors in the right spirit and at exactly the right time. Harry and Bonaro Overstreet have the credentials, the temperament, and the talent (for documentation without dullness) to turn an incandescent light on the strange tactics of extremism in the United States. They are respected by all thoughtful people as wise, compassionate and alert commentators on American society. Moreover, by their words and by their deeds, by their writing and by their actions, they are firmly established as implacable and effective opponents of Communism. In their books *What We Must Know About Communism*, *The War Called Peace*, and *The Iron Curtain* they have done as much if not more than any other two Americans to expose the evils and uncover the deceptions of Communism and the extreme Left. It will be well to bear this in mind, because, together with their great personal and professional integrity and their respect for others' opinions, this record is their impenetrable shield. I suspect they'll need it.

Their book does not aim to shock; it illuminates. Their book is no smear of the radical Right; it dissects the radical Right. On the basis of massive research, it brings into sharp focus and under penetrating analysis the ideas, policies, purposes, tactics, and foreboding implications of the principal spokesmen of extremism. It will enable you to know what the extremist leaders are saying to their followers and, so far as possible, to the nation.

Conceivably there may be some errors in the Overstreets' research. If so, they would be the first to welcome any facts offered by the spokesmen for the extremist Right to set the record straight. Indeed, a good fact-oriented public debate would be useful.

But this study of extremist tactics and extremist goals is more than reportorial. The stated goals of the extremists and their tactics are put under the most discerning appraisal. The result is a rare combination of fact, insight, warning, and persuasion. *The Strange Tactics of Extremism* will interest, inform, and excite everyone but the extremists. And it may redeem some of them if they will open their minds to where their leaders are taking them.

The most formidable indictments that the Overstreets bring against the extremists are these:

1. Their tactics create confusion by "loose and irresponsible resort to derogatory labels." Thus men like former President Eisenhower, John Foster Dulles, General George C. Marshall, David Dubinsky, Allen Dulles, and such tough Cold War military writers as Colonel William Kintner and Robert Strausz-Hupé are labeled either "Communist agents" or "phony anti-Communists."

2. Their tactics foster "the belief that a totalitarian form of organization, with directives handed down from the top, is inherently stronger than one that operates by what Welch calls 'debating society methods.'"

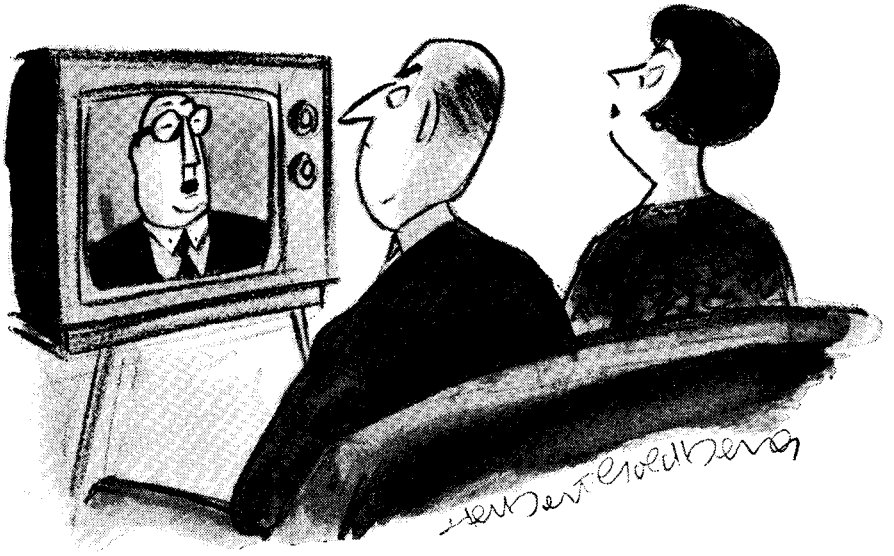
3. Their tactics work to "persuade people that the only part of the worldwide Communist threat about which they really need to be concerned is internal conspiracy." Example from the *Bulletin* of the John Birch Society: "Washington has been taken over! By which we mean that Communist influences are now in full working control of our Federal Government." Also from Robert Welch's writings: "Our danger remains almost wholly internal. . . ."

4. "By labeling as Communist-inspired and Communist-controlled a host of indigenous American efforts to solve pressing social and economic problems"—just about everything the American government has supported since 1933, ranging from TVA to NATO—extremist tactics "act as a brake upon social ingenuity at the very time when we most need to find ways of coping with colossal forces of change."

5. While affirming that they "are fighting Communists—nobody else," the extremist Right directs its specific attacks as much, if not more, against Democratic liberals, Republican moderates, and conservatives who do not go along with them.

The Overstreets do not contend that the Communists are not attempting to subvert our society. They do contend that the extremist Right is determined to claim massive success for these attempts in order to use the "Communist menace" as a smoke screen for attacking all political, economic, and social action with which they disagree. The question that is both implicit and explicit in this book is: Are the extreme Rightists using anti-Communism not primarily as an end, but as a means to destroy everybody and everything from which they dissent?

If you think the answer to this question is "yes," then you ought to read this book in order to learn more about the methods being employed. If you think the answer is "no," then you ought to read this book in order to check the evidence cited by the Overstreets.



"Will Hal Armstrong escape from the iron curtain? Will Sarah Lou recover from her operation? Will Ted's widowed mother lose possession of their ancestral home? For the exciting conclusion to our story, please deposit another fifty cents."

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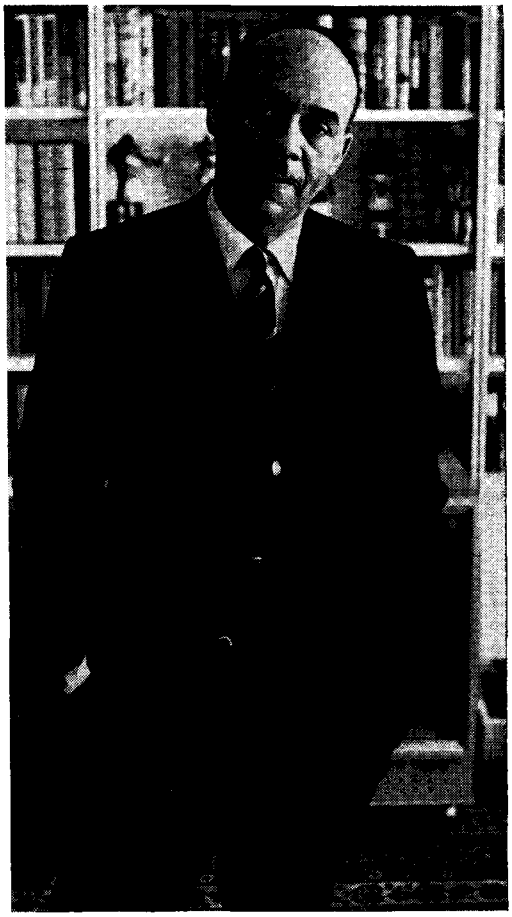
Autumn Augury in a Picture Poll

Out of a Landslide of Celebrated Life Stories and Storied Lives, Exciting Fall Reading Returns

—*Walter Sanders (Black Star).*

The late Ludwig Bemelmans recalls the days of *La Bonne Table* (Simon & Schuster, Oct. 28).



—*Chris Corpus (Random House).*

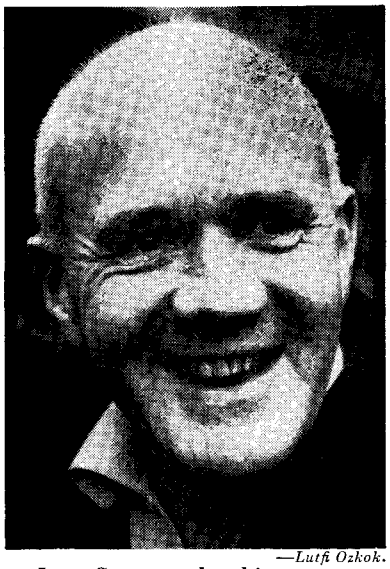
Ralph Ellison considers the contemporary scene in *Shadow and Act* (Random House, Oct. 26).

—*Sanford H. Roth (Rapho Guillumette).*

Françoise Sagan logs nine days in a special clinic for *Toxique* (Dutton, Oct. 29).

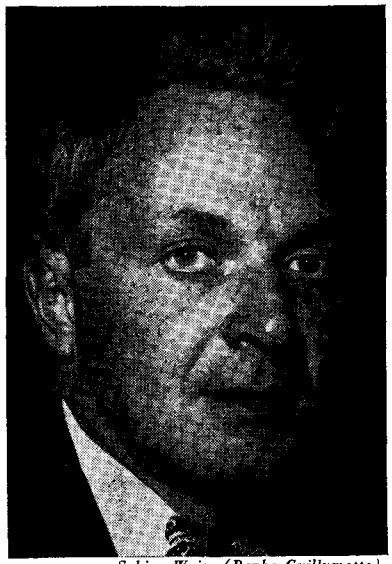
—*Chris Corpus (Random House).*

Laura Z. Hobson returns to pre-World War I years in her novel *First Papers* (Random House, Nov. 7).



—*Lutfi Ozkok.*

Jean Genet probes his personal underground in *The Thief's Journal* (Grove, Nov. 23).



—*Sabine Weiss (Rapho Guillumette).*

Stephen Spender, shown in 1954, still sings in *Collected Poems* (Random House, Oct. 9).

—*Sid Greenberg (Abelard-Schuman).*

Robert Payne turns to Palestine for his fictionalized portrait of *The Lord Jesus* (Abelard-Schuman, Oct. 23).

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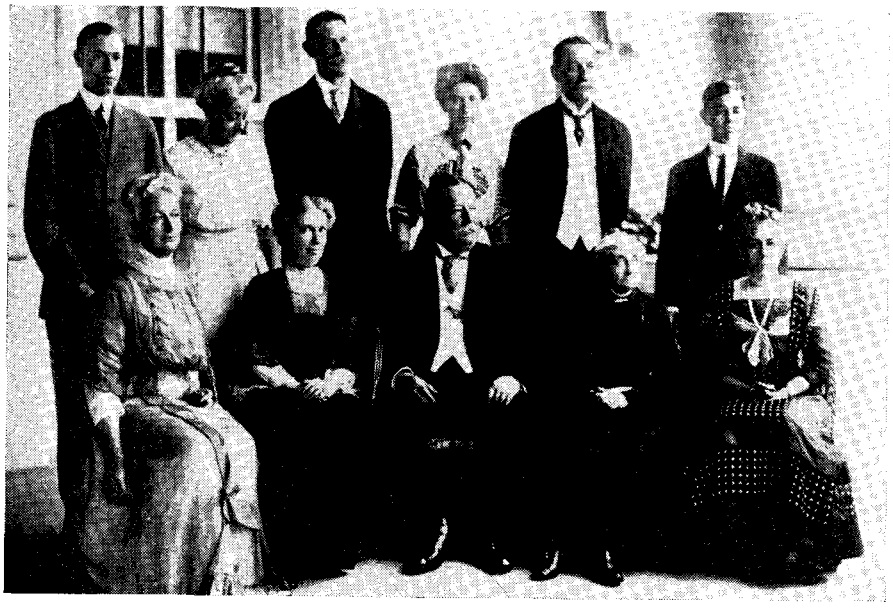
—*From the book.*

Picasso and daughter Paloma at play, as pictured by Edward Quinn in *Picasso at Work: An Intimate Photographic Study* (Doubleday, Nov. 1).

—*Barnes (Bibliothèque Nationale).*

Degas, c. 1885, with three Lemoinne Sisters, Elie and Daniel Halévy, author of *My Friend Degas*, posed by Degas as a parody of Ingres's *Apotheosis of Homer* (Wesleyan Univ. Press, Oct. 22).



—*From the book.*

On the White House porch, President Taft (center) celebrating his silver wedding anniversary in 1911 with his family, among them, Senator Robert A. Taft (upper left), as seen in *An American Family: The Tafts*, by Ishbel Ross (NAL, Oct. 13).

Damon Runyon with his bride, Amati, and Mayor James J. Walker in 1932, from *A Gentleman of Broadway*, by Edwin Palmer Hoyt (Little, Brown, Nov. 5).

—*From the book.*

Lionel, Ethel, and John Barrymore, three members of the acting aristocracy lime-lighted in *The Barrymores*, by Hollis Alpert (Dial, Nov. 25).

—*From the book.*

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—*Bill Ray (Black Star).*

Dag Hammarskjöld alone with his musings, to be published as *Markings* (Knopf, Oct. 19).

Dr. Albert Schweitzer and friend in *Albert Schweitzer's Gift of Friendship* (Harper & Row, Oct. 21).

—*Erica Anderson.*

Whittaker Chambers in pastoral mood when he was working on his last book, *Cold Friday* (Random House, Nov. 3).

—*From the book.*

—*Agence de Presse-Dalmas (Houghton Mifflin).*

Charles de Gaulle and famous friend, Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy. The General is crowned in *The King and His Court* (Houghton Mifflin, Oct. 8).

—*From the book.*

In Vol. I of *The Journals of David Lilienthal* (Harper & Row, Oct. 7) David Lilienthal (right) recalls history-making friends Roland Wank, chief architect of the TVA, and Fiorello La Guardia.

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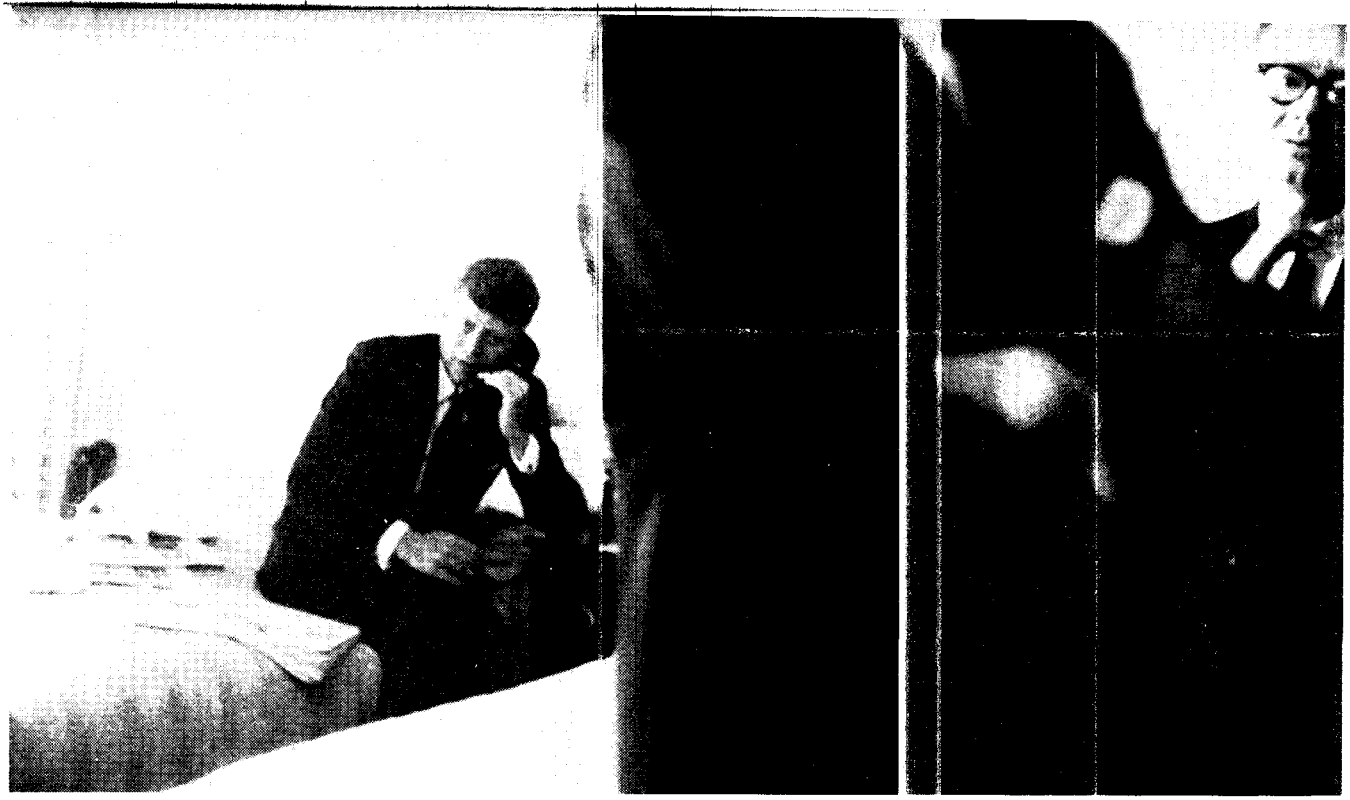

—From the book.

The momentous Los Angeles call to Senator Lyndon B. Johnson asking him to run as Vice President—from *The Kennedy Years*, edited by the *New York Times* (Viking, Nov. 23).

—Sanford H. Roth (Rapho Guillumette).

Frieda Lawrence records the days before and with D. H. in *Frieda Lawrence: The Memoirs and Correspondence*, edited by E. W. Tedlock, Jr. (Knopf, Nov. 16).

—Mary Morris.

Joseph Lash (left in trenchcoat) at Campobello with a favorite First Lady, fondly remembered in *Eleanor Roosevelt: A Friend's Memoir* (Doubleday, Nov. 20). Others in this picture from his files are Felix Frankfurter next to Mrs. Roosevelt and William A. Neilson, then president-emeritus of Smith College.

John Cheever promises some fine tales tailored to the short fall days in *The Brigadier and the Golf Widow* (Harper & Row, Oct. 14).

David Gahr-Time.

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The Literary Sampler

Excerpts from New and Forthcoming Books

The President and the People

A PRESIDENT MUST HAVE a vision of the America and the world he wants to see. But the President does not put his purely personal stamp upon the future. His vision is compounded of the hopes and anxieties and values of the people he serves. The President can help guide them toward the highest and most noble of their desires. He cannot take them where they do not want to go. Nor can he hope to move ahead without the help of all those who share a common purpose. I believe the Presidency was conceived as an office of persuasion more than of sheer power. That is how I have tried to use the office since it was thrust upon me.

—From "My Hope for America," by Lyndon B. Johnson (Random House, Oct. 5).

Faith to Move Men and Mountains

The "great" commitment all too easily obscures the "little" one. But without the humility and warmth which you have to develop in your relations to the few with whom you are personally involved, you will never be able to do anything for the many. Without them, you will live in a world of abstractions, where your solipsism, your greed for power, and your death-wish lack the one opponent which is stronger than they—love. Love, which is without an object, the outflowing of a power released by self-surrender, but which would remain a sublime sort of superhuman self-assertion, powerless against the negative forces within you, if it were not tamed by the yoke of human intimacy and warmed by its tenderness. It is better for the health of the soul to make one man good than "to sacrifice oneself for mankind." For a mature man, these are not alternatives, but two aspects of self-realization, which mutually support each other . . .

—From "Markings," by Dag Hammarskjöld (Knopf, Oct. 19).

The Best of One World

I HAVE BEEN COSSETED in the world's affections, loved and hated. Yes, the world has given me its best and little of its worst. Whatever were my ill vicissitudes, I believe that fortune and ill fortune drift upon one haphazardly as clouds. Knowing this, I am never too shocked at the bad things that happen and am agreeably surprised at the good. I have no design for living, no philosophy—whether sage or fool, we must all struggle with life. I vacillate with inconsistencies; at times small things will annoy me and catastrophes will leave me indifferent.

Nevertheless, my life is more thrilling today than it ever was. I am in good health and still creative and have plans to produce more pictures—perhaps not with myself, but to write and direct them for members of my family—some of whom have quite an aptitude for the theater. I am still very ambitious; I could never retire. There are many things I want to do; besides having a few unfinished cinema scripts, I should like to write a play and an opera—if time will allow.

Schopenhauer said happiness is a negative state—but I disagree. For the last twenty years I have known what happiness means. I have the good fortune to be married to a wonderful wife. I wish I could write more about this, but it involves love, and perfect love is the most beautiful of all frustrations because it is more than one can express. As I live with Oona, the depth and beauty of her character are a continual revelation to me. Even as she walks ahead of me along the narrow sidewalks of Vevey with simple dignity; her neat little figure straight, her dark hair smoothed back showing a few silver threads, a sudden wave of love and admiration comes over me for all that she is—and a lump comes into my throat.

With such happiness, I sometimes sit out on our terrace at sunset and look over a vast green lawn to the lake in the distance, and beyond the lake to the reassuring mountains, and in this mood think of nothing and enjoy their magnificent serenity.

—From "Charles Chaplin: My Autobiography" (Simon & Schuster, Oct. 1).

A Long Cry for Liberty

IT'S AMAZING how we come to this church every Sunday and cry over the crucifixion of Christ, and we don't cry over these things that are going on around and among us. If He was here now and saw these things, He would cry. And He would take those nails again. For us. For this problem.

It just so happened that in His day and time, religion was the big problem. Today, it is color.

What do you think would happen to Christ tonight if He arrived in this town a black man and wanted to register to vote on Monday? What do you think would happen? Would you be there? You would? Then how come you're not out there with these kids, because He said that whatever happens to the least, happens to us all. . . .

Let's analyze the situation.

We're not saying, "Let's go downtown and take over City Hall."

We're not saying, "Let's stand on the rooftops and throw bricks at the white folks."

We're not saying, "Let's get some butcher knives and some guns and make them pay for what they've done."

We're talking to the white man, and this is what we're saying.

We're saying, "We want what *you* said belongs to us. You have a constitution. I'm a black man, and you make me sit down in a black school and take a test on the United States Constitution, a constitution that hasn't worked for anyone but you. And you expect me to learn it from front to back. So I learned it.

"You made me stand up as a little kid and sing 'God Bless America,' and

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'America the Beautiful,' and all those songs the white kids were singing. I Pledge Allegiance to the Flag. That's all I'm asking you for today."

Something important happened in 1963, and the sooner we wake up and realize it, the better off this whole world is going to be. Because for some reason God has put in your hands the salvation of not just America—this thing is bigger than just this country—but the salvation of the whole world. . . .

—*From "Nigger: An Autobiography," by Dick Gregory (Dutton, Oct. 15).*

The Portable Social Pyramid

THE BROTHERHOOD of exiles had its limits, and as always, some foreigners were more equal than others. A sketchy map of the territory might have located enclaves of diplomats; United Nations personnel; nondiplomatic embassy staffs (honor by association); teachers (subdivided into teetotalers and the socially acceptable); and individuals without official connections who had come to Kabul on their own, which in some circles automatically made them suspect as possible eccentrics.

There was a pyramid based on national prestige as well. The French could afford to be cordial to everyone, for by their own acknowledgment they were indisputably at the summit. This was definitively demonstrated each year on Bastille Day, when they laid the embassy tables with champagne and a banquet of Parisian delicacies and invited only themselves. It was the most exclusive event of the year and, since invitations could be wangled only by proper arrangements at birth, the party most longingly eyed by the widest social range of the uninvited.

—*From "Land of the High Flags," by Rosanne Klass (Random House, Oct. 29).*

De Gaulle and the Daily News

THE GENERAL reads a good deal. To begin with, he reads magazines—including a few German, English, and American ones—and they mount up. Then, [de Gaulle] has a large pile of French newspapers and does not like to find them "prepared"—in other words, checked, with articles clipped and pasted, etc. He prefers to get his own impression of the climate of opinion by seeing the page on which a story appears, the amount of space given to it; and he is quite right. He doesn't clip the articles but merely scans the paper, looks it over, crumples it, and goes on to the next, with the exception of *Le Monde,* which is brought to him at the Palace when he drinks his coffee; this he reads carefully, page by page.

As he glances at the papers, skipping here, reading minutely there, only one thought is uppermost in his mind: his image as an historical figure.

A single misquotation, especially if it goes back twenty years, or one recollection of Free France that, in his opinion, is either incorrect or unfortunate, is enough to arouse his ire, and for this his associates as well as the day's callers will pay dearly. On the other hand, an insult, slander, open hostility, or a savage attack leaves him indifferent; these are merely the tactical maneuvers of the moment and therefore not important, not to be taken seriously.

—*From "The King and His Court," by Pierre Viansson-Ponte (Houghton Mifflin, Oct. 8).*

Meanwhile, Back at the Cow Barn

Pipe Creek Farm,
August 10, 1952

Dear Dunc:

I have been awake since 3, up since 4. It is just turned 5, and in a few minutes I must go to the barn to begin my day's chores. Tomorrow, at 5, I am going down into your country—or the marches thereof—to a cow sale at Church Hill. For I am going back to being a dairyman. I have made up my mind. Made up suggests too much resolution. I went back to the cow barn, throwing Esther out, milk-stool and all. I found that what I was doing seemed to be what I should do. Back with my cattle and my chores, I am more content than I have been for several years. In fact, without this activity, I do not think that I could go on. It adds up to much more than a matter of personal contentment, though. I won't go into details. But it is all bound up with the writer in this century, the poisonous puddles of the intellectuals (so much less clear than barn gutters), and with the fact that, in our time, the West is swayed by a profound will to die. Since my desire is to live, I must live as far as possible outside the vapors of the perishing West even to the point of living as differently as possible from it. For, to survive at all, one must stand against it in its corruption (in this my instinct was never wrong and has never changed) even though one is not at war with it, is even committed to its defense. Actually, and with the profoundest vindictiveness of unhealth, it does not wish to be defended; it deeply resents anyone who would defend it and will seek to destroy him. And what subtle ways it finds in alliance with just those who seek its destruction! Because it cannot be defended without facing the truth about itself. Nor can anyone truly defend it without, ultimately, speaking the truth about it. That it cannot stand and so, first of all, it must long to destroy those who would save it. And so, I am taking refuge in my cow barn. Cattle, as Nietzsche pointed out in a well-known essay *(The Advantage and Disadvantage of History for Life),* have no memory and hence no history. I, who am fairly history-conscious, find cows ahistorically tranquilizing. . . .

To the stable!

—*From "Cold Friday," by Whittaker Chambers (Random House, Oct. 5).*

Once in Love with Sarah

SARAH BERNHARDT. When she comes down the winding staircase of the hotel, it looks as though she were standing still, while the staircase turns around her.

I do not know how to help a woman into a wrap. I place Mme. Rostand's on her shoulders inside out, and I don't hand her the shoe horn properly. I tell her:

"Some day, when we're alone in a corner, you will have to let me kiss your hand so I can find out what it's all about."

"It is just a little above the wrist," she says, "that it begins to take on taste."

Sarah rises. The same adorable business on the stairs. At the top, Jules Chancel awaits her and catches her hand as she passes.

Sarah is, if one may call it that, an extraordinary "heart-catcher." She may not have talent, but after her day, which is the day of all of us, in which we love one another, are devoted to one another, we feel renewed, grown taller; and this state of over-stimulation is a blessing, and if, the next day, we are without talent, we are nothing but fools.

[Sarah recites on the stage a sonnet by Edmond Rostand.] Incredible success for Rostand, who says, with perfect aplomb, Thanks to the eyes of Sarah Bernhardt. A success as though his sonnet were in five acts, and the applause for Rostand is one with the applause for Sarah. It does not seem to end, and it is unforgettable. She is the only one to uphold the throne, and we are all her faithful subjects, prostrate at her feet. . . .

[Sarah Bernhardt to JR] "You think I'm silly, don't you?"

"I think you're marvelous."

"I want to be silly today. Do you want to kiss me?"

I do believe that she has to say it twice. She kisses me, simply, on both cheeks. I kiss her just a little on a corner of her mouth, not daring to press. And I say to the Rostands, to the others:

"Am I happy! Sarah Bernhardt kissed me! I kissed Sarah Bernhardt!" . . .

Yes, yes, let it be admitted: Sarah is Genius.

(Continued on page 65)

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Days Spent in the Night of the Soul

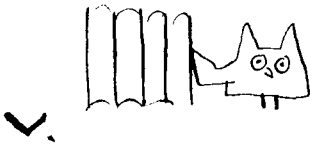
Diary 1928-1957, *by Julian Green, selected by Kurt Wolff and translated from the French by Anne Green (Harcourt, Brace & World. 313 pp. $6.50), explores the inner depths of its author's spirit. Justin O'Brien edited the "Journals" of André Gide.*

By JUSTIN O'BRIEN

A DIARY is interesting and valuable either because of the events it records or because of the personality of the diarist. Julian Green's diary most certainly belongs in the second category, for the external events it reports count only in so far as they modify or illuminate the author's fascinating personality.

To be sure, the special atmosphere of Paris in the Thirties, the war and its effect on the French, Green's own exile in America during the war (he would not think of using that word himself), and his encounters with such as Dali and Gide and Camus, Gertrude Stein and Sartre and Somerset Maugham, contribute memorable pages to this book. But what emerges most insistently is the sensitive, poetic nature of Julian Green, who writes at one point: "A novelist is like a scout commissioned to go and see what is happening in the depth of the soul. He comes back and reports what he has observed. He never lives on the surface but only inhabits the darkest regions."

What he finds in those dark regions—and this is why he so much admires and even envies Dostoevsky – is already known to readers of his best novels, *Avarice House, The Strange River, Midnight,* and *Moïra.* The hallucinatory atmosphere of those haunting tales springs directly from his childhood, and also from his dreams, as he confesses in two places here. And when he probes the conflicts resulting from his Franco-American upbringing or his Presbyterian heritage and his Roman Catholic present, he finds a permanent spiritual torment. Behind all his conversations with the spiritual forces of his era, behind all the anxious self-examinations, there lies always the struggle between spiritual energy and sensual emotion, ending in what he calls "one long cry of anger against instinct."



Over the years, Julian Green's diary has been appearing in many volumes in French, some of which have been translated into English. But now Kurt Wolff, formerly of Pantheon Books, has used a delicate scalpel to cut out for us the most characteristic and revealing passages, which the author's sister, the distinguished American novelist Anne Green, has beautifully translated from her brother's French. For by a quirk possible in a bilingual family raised in Paris by parents from our own Virginia and Georgia, Julian was probably the most French; while his sister was becoming an important writer in English, he wrote consistently in French, until he is now one of the major French novelists of his generation.

"Novelist" may be a misnomer. As with so many of the best writers of fiction, Green's works call up images and move with a rhythm that we customarily associate with poetry. Two of the correspondents cited in this volume—Curtius and Rilke—imply that he is a poet. André Gide, who reappears every few pages in the *Diary,* doubtless felt the same, for in 1928 he saw Julian Green as he himself was at that age. This is enough to inspire confidence in this rich self-exploration.

From the Mountains to the Prairies

One Man's Montana, *by John K. Hutchens (Lippincott. 221 pp. $4.95), looks back with affection at the Old West, which captivated the author—man and boy. Ross Toole, a fourth-generation Montanan, has frequently written about the area.*

By ROSS TOOLE

MONTANA is a place of extremes. It is hot and cold, mountainous and flat, benign and malevolent, beautiful and terrible. It invites extreme analysis. Leslie Fiedler considered the "Montana Face" in the *Partisan Review* in 1948, and found it "conditioned by a mean, a parsimonious culture." How, he asked, could one come to terms "with that inhumanly virginal landscape: the atrocious magnificence of the mountains, the illimitable brute fact of the prairies? A new setting for hell, perhaps, but no background for any human feeling. . . ." However, John Steinbeck in *Travels with Charley* found Montana "a great splash of grandeur," and remarked, "Montana seems to me to be what a small boy would think Texas is like from hearing Texans. . . . I am in love with Montana." A. B. Guthrie, Jr., said that he could write effectively about Montana only when he was away from it and homesick for it.

John K. Hutchens undoubtedly knows what Guthrie meant. His book is rooted in a visit he made to the state after a thirty-year absence. It is a gentle and nostalgic treatment, which he concludes with, "Montana is where I belong, in place and time—the place is like no other, the time is not simply time, but past and present intermingling like those colors in a mountain sunset."

In covering the Vigilantes, the gold camps, Custer, Chief Joseph, and the War of the Copper Kings, Mr. Hutchens uses the device of the reminiscences of old men: "These were the ancients . . . Here, in the flesh, talking, smoking, laughing, occasionally sputtering in disagreement over points of fact, were such giants as I had envisioned . . . If I listened carefully and remembered well, some flash of intuition suggested, the sum of it all could somehow be my own." But what follows seems to come straight from the standard secondary works, replete with their myths and errors.

It is quite another matter when Mr. Hutchens reminisces himself—and, fortunately, most of the book is his own. "My Father's Town," a description of Helena in the 1920s, is charming. In "Exit Old West, Not Laughing," he describes a hanging in Missoula in 1922 with a stark reality that has an awful kind of immediacy about it. The chapter entitled "Warriors," which is Hutchens's story of the Dempsey-Gibbons fight in Shelby in 1923, is a gem of a short story which evokes all of the absurdity as well as the peculiar sadness of that unlikely event.

Indeed, each of the last twelve chapters could stand alone. Put together, they constitute a gentle, often touching, always well-written, and invariably entertaining account of a people and a state which, in spite of his long absence, John Hutchens obviously understands.

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Switchman on a Time Track

***The Invention of Morel and Other Stories (from La Trama Celeste)**, by Adolfo Bioy Casares, translated by Ruth L. C. Simms (Univ. of Texas Press. 237 pp. $5), adds science and philosophy to a parabolic fiction that has the adventurous quality of Conan Doyle. Roger G. Mead, Jr., general editor of Harcourt, Brace & World's Hispanic series, teaches Iberoamerican literature at the University of Connecticut and is the author of three books in that field.*

By ROBERT G. MEAD, JR.

THE ANALYTICAL, highly sophisticated, labyrinthine fiction of the Argentine Jorge Luis Borges, long known in Latin America and Europe and more recently in the United States, has been aptly described by his translator Anthony Kerrigan as "a species of international literary metaphor." Borges, he observes, "knowledgeably makes a transfer of inherited meanings from Spanish and English, French and German, and sums up a series of analogies, of confrontations, of appositions in other nations' literatures." Kerrigan goes on to note Borges's succinctness, his knowledge of philology and legend, and the relentless suggestion of eternal, unanswerable questions in his stories.

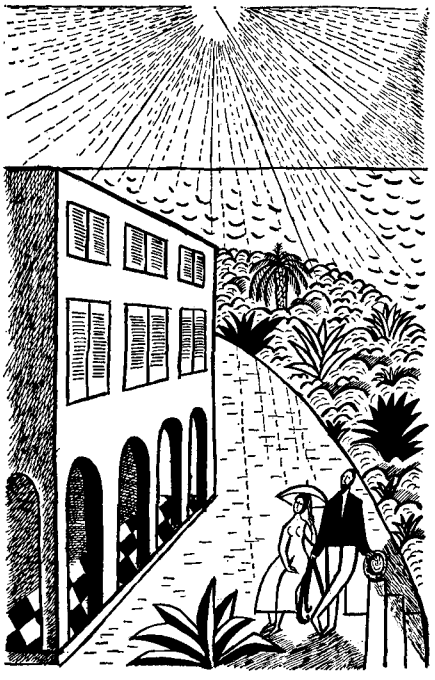
Most of what the English critic writes about Borges can also be said about his younger friend and collaborator, Adolfo Bioy Casares. There is no denying Borges's influence on the fifty-year-old Bioy Casares. But, since both are working in a genre which combines science, philosophy, and parabolic fiction, there is ample room for each to be as original as the narrative form permits. The present book contains the novella "The Invention of Morel," originally published in 1940, and the collection of six stories entitled "The Pattern in the Sky," first published in 1948.

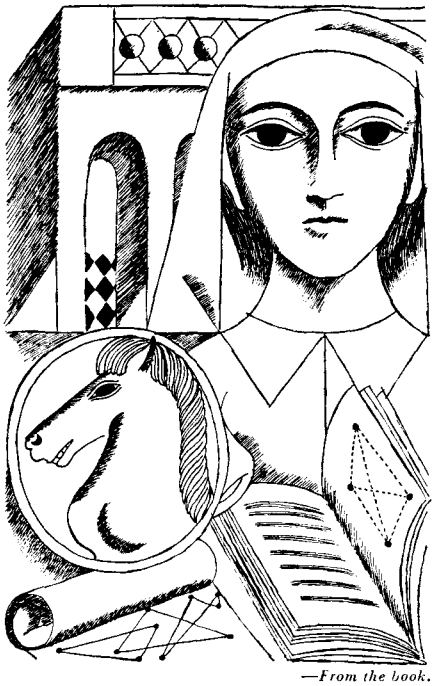
Bioy Casares's stories are concerned with human consciousness, the "real" and the "unreal" in our lives, the symbols our minds grope to understand but never fully comprehend, the deceits most men yearn for and build their lives upon, and our gravity in the midst of the absurdity of so much of human life.

In the novella we read the diary-testament of a Venezuelan prisoner who escapes to a remote Pacific island, where he discovers the buildings and machines left behind years ago by their inventor, the French scientist Morel. These machines record, store, and project visual and auditory images tactile sensations, tastes, and even smells. Through them Morel recorded a week he spent on the island with select friends and, before leaving, sets the machines to "replay" the week's events eternally, thus hoping to achieve a sort of immortality. The narrator falls in love with the image of one of the women in the projection and learns to control the apparatus sufficiently to record his own image and add it to the others in order to reach his beloved. But he finds out, as his death approaches, that his image, inevitably, is on a different time track from that of the others, and no communication is possible between them.

The six stories are of a piece with the novella. "The Pattern in the Sky" involves a test-pilot who takes off from an airport near one Buenos Aires and, after an intricate flight pattern, crashes onto another field on the outskirts of another Buenos Aires, much to his puzzlement. The narrator, who got the story from the bewildered pilot, explains it by the existence of many possible worlds and persons, some identical some slightly or greatly different, and some parallel. Another story deals with the power of an ancient idol to cast its spell over modern humans and make them achieve their own perdition, just as its victims had done millennia ago. Yet another recounts how a biologist, intent on genetic research, is gradually enslaved by the very seals he acquires for his experiments. The three remaining stories are similar: introspective accounts, told at second or third hand, of the fantastic ramifications of what, on its surface, appears to be an ordinary happening.

Taken individually or in groups of two or three, Bioy Casares's stories interest us as intricate cases of problem solving or, more precisely, as examples of "problems" which, when analyzed, seem to have more than one possible solution. Read all at once, however, there is too much sameness about them: a sophisticated, erudite protagonist, about to die or disappear, leaves to an equally sophisticated and erudite friend a fantastic narrative replete with philosophical and symbolic overtones and filled with the narrator's psychological explanations of the events. Yet many American readers should be attracted to an Argentine author who can construct an adventure story worthy of Poe or Ambrose Bierce, substantiate its "reality" with scientific facts and logic reminiscent of Conan Doyle and Ray Bradbury, and, at the same time, submit its protagonist to a thorough, usually Freudian psychoanalysis.





—From the book.

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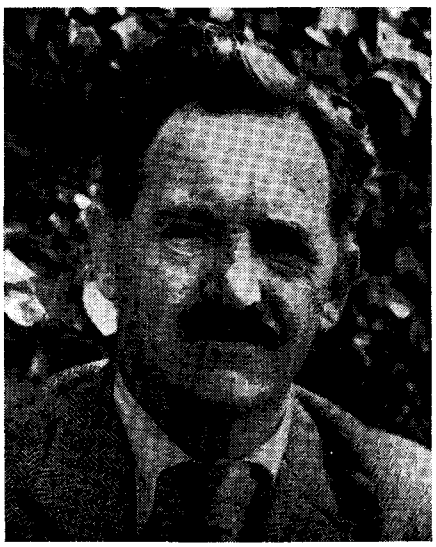
Green Years on the Emerald Isle

Thy Tears Might Cease, *by Michael Farrell (Knopf. 577 pp. $6.95), more than twenty-five years in the writing, tells of a young man's coming of age in Ireland. "The Publishing Scene," by David Dempsey, is a regular feature in Saturday Review.*

By DAVID DEMPSEY

WHEN Michael Farrell died in his native Ireland in 1962, he left behind the manuscript of a novel some 300,000 words long. Begun in the early 1930s, worked on for seven or eight years, then put aside for fourteen more, it had obviously become Farrell's demon. He talked about it, recited from it, had it typed and bound in five yellow canvas-covered volumes, and finally, in 1954, rewrote the whole first half. Still, he would not let it out of his hands; and when he finally did, it was only to call it back for revisions that were never made. As Sean O'Faolain has declared, the author was "avid to see it printed, terrified to let it go."

After Farrell's death, the critic Monk Gibbon put the manuscript in publishable shape as a posthumous tribute to his friend. What he has done is to reduce the length by about one-third. It is still a long novel, but by no means too long to sustain Farrell's vision; and although it may not be the masterpiece that it has been called by some critics abroad, *Thy Tears Might Cease* is a work of indisputable achievement. If nothing else, it demonstrates what a man of talent can do if he is willing to devote his entire adult life to one novel.



—*Ramsey & Muspratt.*

Michael Farrell—"the seal on an age."

Spanning the years 1910 to 1920, and dealing with the coming of age of a provincial Irish youth, Martin Matthew Reilly, the story takes us over the familiar route of self-discovery, adolescent disillusionment, and, finally, social involvement—in this case, the Irish "Troubles." But there is this difference: the role of the romantically egocentric hero —or non-hero, as is more likely to be the case today—is played by a young man who is sensible as well as sensitive. Far from being alienated by society (as was Stephen Daedalus in *Portrait of an Artist,* Reilly is molded by it, and it is the middle-class Ireland of the county towns, rather than the boy's emotional turmoil, that Farrell describes so brilliantly. For all its length, the book is not sprawling or unwieldy; and in the sense that it puts the seal on an age *Thy Tears Might Cease* does meet at least one requirement of a masterpiece.

In places—especially throughout the first half—the writing is sheer magic. Farrell obviously labored over his prose in an effort to give it literary grace as well as human reality, and in this he succeeded. The friendship between young Reilly and a schoolmate is realized on a lyrical plane that it is difficult to imagine a writer attempting today. The device of a sealed letter, not to be opened until he is twenty-one, which will reveal the truth about Reilly's parents who died shortly after he was born, may strike us as ingenuous; but the minor characters—and they are numerous—are solidly conceived. Farrell's set pieces ring with the truth of a Jane Austen, and his dialogue is nothing short of brilliant. As with all really good novels one has the feeling of living with these people, not merely reading about them.

What is it, then, that leaves the reader vaguely dissatisfied about a book whose component parts give off such radiance? That fact is that Farrell stops just short of greatness by his inability, or unwillingness, to interpret the society he so consummately describes. The perspective is not Farrell's but time's, and what we get is something of an elegy for a vanishing way of life. Although it must be admitted that the past vanishes a good deal slower in Ireland than in most countries, I doubt that nostalgia was Farrell's intention. Thus, the charm of the novel is an old-fashioned charm; the book could fittingly have been published, say, in 1920.

Life Was Cruel to the Landless

The Mud-Hut Dwellers, *by Mihail Sadoveanu (Twayne. 107 pp. $2.95), by the late titular head of Communist Rumania, depicts the life of the peasants on a boyar's estate at the turn of the century. Maurice Friedberg, who teaches at Hunter College in New York, specializes in East European literature.*

By MAURICE FRIEDBERG

THE LOT of a writer creating in a "minor" language is not a happy one. Unless he is fortunate to find a good translator, he is unlikely to achieve recognition outside the confines of his native land. We know Omar Khayyam because of Fitzgerald; but few of us are equally familiar with Firdousi, a Persian of no lesser stature. It is ironic that, in the West, the best-known Pole in literature is Conrad, and the most famous Rumanian, Ionesco. And it is a sad commentary on the international literary traffic (perhaps we should abandon once and for all the more presumptuous "international community of letters") that only as a result of a formal U.S.-Rumanian diplomatic agreement on "cultural exchange" are we at last becoming acquainted with Mihail Sadoveanu, while the Rumanians—assuming there is fair play, strict reciprocity, and stringent international inspection—are presumably being offered an identical number of copies of Faulkner or Robert Frost.

Mihail Sadoveanu (1880-1961), perhaps the most prolific of all Rumanian writers, left a legacy of some 120 volumes. The present book is the third to be translated into English under the official terms of the exchange treaty (the other two, *Tales of War* and *Evening Tales,* were brought out recently by the same publisher). Sadoveanu, titular head of state of Communist Rumania, was a

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highly traditional literary craftsman, and the present novella, first published in 1912, is no exception. The hero, Nita Lepadatu, a homeless peasant, is portrayed against the background of feudal Rumania at the turn of the century. Realistic descriptions of the destitution and cruelty of life on a Rumanian *boyar's* estate, deftly drawn portraits of individual peasants, and a love story—all these are convincing and offer a glimpse of human existence hitherto little known to English readers. Sadoveanu's prose is lyrical, and although on the whole restrained, it suffers somewhat from occasional naïve touches that may annoy present-day readers.

Essentially similar to the "Populist" authors of other Eastern European countries—writers like Uspensky and Korolenko in Russia and Orzeszkowa and Prus in Poland—Sadoveanu could perhaps also be likened to the Turgenev of *The Sportsman's Sketches*. Though not, to be sure, an equal of the great Russian, Sadoveanu, too, attempted to combine good storytelling with an impassioned plea on behalf of the underdog and to contrast man's harmony with nature with man's cruelty toward his fellows.

The anonymous translator deserves gratitude for rendering the novella into smooth, idiomatic English.

Nothing Is Ever the Same

The Exact and Very Strange Truth, *by Ben Piazza (Farrar, Straus. 326 pp. $4.95), concerns a twelve-year-old's discovery that "things can be one way today and tomorrow be the very opposite." Margaret Parton frequently comments on current fiction.*

By MARGARET PARTON

THIS book is a first novel by a young actor. It is, as are so many first novels by young men, about boyhood (among other things). It sounds, as do so many first novels, autobiographical.

But let's forget the clichés, for in this case none of them matter. To use the word "promising" for this dazzling performance would be an insult; Mr. Piazza has already kept any promises a writer could make. He has written a book about childhood so honestly that it aches and shines with truth. There is no phony over sensitivity about suffering boyhood here—just the feeling of reality, with its ever-alternating rhythms of joy and pain.

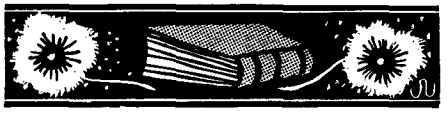
"Peculiar how things can change so sudden," thinks twelve-year-old Alexander at the beginning of the summer of 1946. "Things can be one way today and tomorrow be the very opposite. That is the exact and very strange truth." "Always and forever things change," he reflects at the end of that fateful summer.

The story occurs during the time between these two reflections, and also, at greater length, in the time that has gone before, partly as Alexander remembers it and partly as told by the narrator (a technical device of great difficulty, brilliantly handled by Mr. Piazza).

Alexander and his eight sisters and brothers were the offspring of an odd union: a temperamental Sicilian shoemaker who is a Roman Catholic, and a beautiful woman from Arkansas who was raised in a strict Baptist home. But the marriage has worked, and the home in Little Rock is full of family warmth, quarrels, reconciliations, celebrations, and the stretchings-outward of youth. Alexander, the third youngest and an observant child (clearly a writer in the making), sees it all, and remembers.

But inevitably life changes, sometimes slowly and sometimes, as Alexander says, "like on a summer afternoon when a thunderstorm comes." In the end the family is eroded, as it always must be, and Alexander is left to comfort and care for his younger sister and brother, as he probably always will.

Perhaps because Mr. Piazza is trained in the theater, his book is full of vivid scenes which one longs to see put on film: the Baptist girl flying out of her home into the arms of her Italian lover, Alexander and Veronica visiting the freak show, death beside an untrimmed Christmas tree and, above all, the three children and their paralyzed mother riding into Savannah on a horse-drawn flower cart to see *Gone With the Wind*. If someone could capture all this, as well as the uniqueness of Alexander and the human reality of the Gallanti family, he would have a film almost as meaningful as Mr. Piazza's book.



LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 2, 9, 5, 1, 8, 10, 3, 4, 7, 6.

On The Fringe

Continued from page 36

"Yes!" We took a table near the young author's.

"My ice cream!" Terri whispered in her loudest voice, pointing to Dorothy's table. Before I could rise to retrieve her sundae, a passing waitress slipped a fresh one in front of her. Then I got one, too. "Do you like it?" a crisp blonde asked. "It seems to melt quickly," I said.

She signaled a waitress and another sundae joined the table. The crisp blonde said in a crisp blonde voice: "It's called a Chocolate Frappé Dorothy. Dorothy loves chocolate. It's chocolate sauce and vanilla ice cream layered and topped with whipped cream, chopped almonds, and a cherry and served in a tulip glass. It will sell for fifty-five cents in all Schrafft's restaurants."

The *Times* photographer finally finished. Dorothy was next cornered by a man from NBC's *Monitor*, who wanted to tape an interview with her. This amused Dorothy and a girl friend who were seated on a radiator cover next to some draperies. Dorothy's reaction to most of his questions was to yank the draperies over both herself and friend, leaving the *Monitor* man questioning a cloth lump.

"Are you having a nice time?" I asked Terri. "I went to a party where they had Tootsie Rolls," she said. "We're going to get an autographed copy of Dorothy's book when we leave," I said. "We had Tootsie Rolls and colored things, too," Terri said. "Well, but I'll bet you didn't get an autographed book at your party." "I like Tootsie Rolls," Terri said, dragging a spoon through her melted Dorothy.

At that moment the real Dorothy came by. "How do you like your party?" I asked. She drew her shoulders as high as they would go and pulled her chin down into her collarbone in a shrug.

Terri and I headed for the door past tables dripping with abandoned fifty-five-cent Chocolate Frappés Dorothy. At the door we were given a copy of *How the World Began* and a box of lollipops with a price-tag reading fifty-nine cents." "Would you like to carry the book?" I asked. "I'll carry the lollipops," Terri said.

And there you are. I've studied the notes I made at each of the parties for several days now. I plan to go over them again just as soon as I can turn on the lights (you have to baby a migraine, you know). There must be something in them I've overlooked, because I still don't see why these functions are planned. All I do know is, I don't think I can take nine more cocktail parties. I know my liver can't. —HASKEL FRANKEL.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthologies

NEW DIRECTIONS 18. Edited by J. Laughlin. New Directions. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $2.25.

Art

ART TREASURES OF THE MEDICI. By Antonio Morassi. New York Graphic Society. $20.

DURER. By Michael Levy. Norton. $3.95.

GOLD AND SILVER TREASURES OF ANCIENT ITALY. By Carlo Caducci. New York Graphic Society. $25.

Business, Economics

THE ABOMINABLE AIRLINES. By George Johnson. Macmillan. $5.95.

CHANGING PATTERNS IN FOREIGN TRADE AND PAYMENTS. Edited by Bela Balassa. Norton. $4.

MONOPOLY POWER AND ECONOMIC PERFORMANCE. Edited by Edwin Mansfield. Norton. $4.

PRIVATE WANTS AND PUBLIC NEEDS. Edited by Edmund S. Phelps. Norton. $4.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE DEVELOPING ECONOMIES. Edited by Gustav Ranis. Norton. $4.

Crime, Suspense

THE CASE OF THE HORRIFIED HEIRS. By Erle Stanley Gardner. Morrow. $3.50.

SPRING HARROWING. By Phoebe Atwood Taylor. Norton. $3.50.

Current Affairs

THE BANTUSTANS: South Africa's Answer: Solution or Subterfuge? By Christopher Hill. Oxford Univ. Press. Paperback, $1.95.

CROSSBOW AND OVERCAST. By James McGovern. Morrow. $5.95.

CUBAN JOURNAL. By Mohammed A. Rauf, Jr. Crowell. $4.95.

FOR PEACE AND THE DIGNITY OF MAN. (Vol. 5 of Study Guide Series on the U.N. and Its Related Agencies.) By UNESCO in cooperation with the United Nations. Oceana. $2.50.

HUNGRY NATIONS. By William and Paul Paddock. Little, Brown. $6.50.

THE HYPHENATE IN RECENT AMERICAN POLITICS AND DIPLOMACY. By Louis L. Gerson. Univ. of Kansas Press. $6.

SNCC: The New Abolitionists (Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee). By Howard Zinn. Beacon. $4.95.

WELFARE, FREEDOM AND INFLATION. By Wilhelm Röpke. Univ. of Alabama Press. $2.95.

Fiction

BUBBLE GUM AND KIPLING. By Tom Mayer. Viking. $3.95.

CHILL OF DUSK. By Stephen Minot. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE DAY OF THE BUGLES. By David Bean. Viking. $4.95.

THE DISCONNECTED. By Kay Martin. Putnam. $5.95.

THE FAMILY OF PASCUAL DUARTE. By Camilo José Cela. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.50.

THE HIGH WHITE FOREST. By Ralph Allen. Doubleday. $4.95.

A JOURNAL OF LOVE. By Edward Mannix. Dial. $3.95.

NOSTALGIA. By Geneviève Gennari. McKay. $4.50.

ROSA AT TEN O'CLOCK. By Marco Denevi. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95.

THE SIREN SONG. By David Beaty. Morrow. $4.50.

History

THE BIRTH OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION. Edited by Michael E. Grant. McGraw-Hill. $28.50.

CONTINUITY AND CHANGE IN LATIN AMERICA. Edited by John J. Johnson. Stanford Univ. Press. $6.75.

FROM MERCILESS INVADERS: An Eye-Witness Account of the Spanish Armada. By Alexander McKee. Norton. $6.50.

INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM IN LATIN AMERICA: A History of the Movement, 1917-1963. By Rollie Poppino. Free Press. $5.95.

A KING FOR PORTUGAL: The Madrigal Conspiracy, 1594-95. By Mary Elizabeth Brooks. Univ. of Wisconsin Press. $5.

THE KURDISH PROBLEM. By Derk Kinnane. Oxford Univ. Press. Paperback, $1.95.

THE MIGHTY REVOLUTION: Negro Emancipation in Maryland, 1862-1864. By Charles L. Wagandt. Johns Hopkins. $6.50.

NAZI PROPAGANDA. By Z. A. B. Zeman. Oxford Univ. Press. $7.

THE SIEGE OF PARIS. By Robert Baldick. Macmillan. $6.95.

Law

ANNUAL SURVEY OF AMERICAN LAW, 1963. Oceana (for New York University School of Law). $10.

LEGAL SYSTEM AND LAWYERS' REASONINGS. By Julius Stone. Stanford Univ. Press. $10.

Miscellany

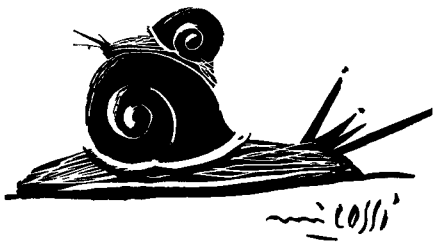
EXTREMISM: A NON BOOK. By David Newman and Robert Benton. Viking. $2.50.

FARE THEE WELL: A Backward Look at Two Centuries of Historic American Spas and Seaside Resorts. By Leslie Dorsey and Janice Devine. Crown. $10.

CAREER DIPLOMAT. By Willard L. Beaulac. Macmillan. $3.95.

THE HORNBLOWER COMPANION. By C. S. Forester. Little, Brown. $8.50.

IN FRANCE NOTHING IS SIMPLE. By Jean-Jacques Sempe. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95.



NINE TO FIVE AND AFTER. By Irene Silverman. Doubleday. $3.95.

A SMALL MEXICAN WORLD. By William Spratling. Little, Brown. $4.50.

SMALL WORLD: A History of Baby Care from the Stone Age to the Spock Age. By Joan Bel Geddes. Macmillan. $4.95.

THOUGHTS FOR FESTIVE FOODS. Houghton Mifflin. $6.50.

THE WANDERING HUSBAND: Love, Sex and the Married Man. By Hyman Spotnitz, M.D., and Lucy Freeman. Prentice-Hall. $4.95.

Personal History

BARRY GOLDWATER: Extremist of the Right. By Fred J. Cook. Grove. Paperback, 75¢.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE. By Harold Kurtz. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95.

THE FOUNDING FATHER: The Story of Joseph P. Kennedy. By Richard J. Whalen. New American Library. $6.95.

THE GREEN HORIZONS: Travels in Brazil. By Gilbert Phelps. Simon & Schuster. $5.

MARK TWAIN: Jackleg Novelist. By Robert A. Wiggins. Univ. of Washington Press. $5.

THE MODEL MAJOR-GENERAL: A Biography of Field Marshal Lord Wolseley. By Joseph H. Lehmann. Houghton Mifflin. $5.95.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Charles Chaplin. Simon & Schuster. $6.95.

MY FRIENDS, THE NEW GUINEA HEAD HUNTERS. By Benjamin T. Butcher. Doubleday. $4.95.

ON TO ANDORRA. By Youngman Carter. Norton. $4.50.

THE PAST IS FUTURE. By Mrs. Frank Lloyd Wright. Horizon. Three volumes, $9.95.

THIS IS HUMPHREY. By Michael Amrine. Popular Library. Paperback, 75¢. (Reprint.)

Religion, Philosophy

ATHEISM IN OUR TIME. By Ignace Lepp. Macmillan. Paperback, $1.45.

CONVERSATIONS WITH THE BIBLE. By Markus Barth. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $6.95.

HANDWRITING OF THE SAINTS. By Girolamo M. Moretti. Macmillan. $6.

NEW ESSAYS IN PHILOSOPHICAL THEOLOGY. Edited by Antony Flew and Alasdair MacIntyre. Macmillan. Paperback, $3.25.

PROBLEMS OF SPACE AND TIME. Edited by J.J.C. Smart. Macmillan. Paperback, $2.95.

Sociology

THE CONCEPT OF RACE. Edited by Ashley Montagu. Free Press. $6.50.

Theater

AMERICA'S LOST PLAYS. Vols. IX and X combined. Vols. XI and XII combined. Barrett H. Clark, general editor. Indiana Univ. Press. $8.75 per double volume. ($7.50 per double volume on subscription for entire set.)

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK. By Neil Simon. Random House. $3.95.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

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Paul Brand

Continued from page 23

gloves to protect their hands; and he set up daily examinations so that injuries would not lead to ulceration and to disfigurement, as had previously occurred. Almost miraculously, the incidence of new injuries was sharply reduced. Lepers became more productive. Paul Brand began to feel he was making basic progress.

Some mysteries, however, persisted. How to account for the continuing disappearance of fingers, in part or whole? Why was it that parts of fingers would vanish from one day to the next? Were they knocked off? There was nothing to indicate that bones of lepers were any more brittle than the bones of normal people. If a leper cut off a finger while using a saw, or if a finger were somehow broken off, it should be possible to produce the missing digit. But no one ever found a finger after it had been lost. Why?

Paul Brand thought about the problem. Then suddenly the answer flashed through his mind. It had to be rats. And it would happen at night while the lepers were asleep. Since the hands of the lepers were desensitized, they wouldn't know they were being attacked and so would put up no resistance.

Paul Brand set up observation posts at night in the huts and wards. It was just as he had thought. The rats climbed the beds of lepers, sniffed carefully, and, when they encountered no resistance, went to work on fingers and toes. The fingers hadn't been "dropping off": they were being eaten. This didn't mean that all "lost" fingers had disappeared in this way. They could be knocked off through accidents and then carried off by rats or other animals before they might be observed. But a major cause of the disappearance had now been identified.

Paul Brand and his staff went to work in mounting a double-pronged attack against the invaders. The program for rodent control was stepped up many times. Barriers were built around the legs of beds. The beds themselves were raised. The results were immediately apparent. There was a sharp drop in the disappearance of fingers and toes.

All this time, Paul Brand kept up his main work—reconstructing hands, rerouting muscles, straightening out fingers. Where fingers were shortened or absent, the remaining digits had to be made fully operative. Thousands of lepers were restored to manual productivity.

• • •

One of the grim but familiar marks of many lepers is the apparent decay of the noses. What caused the shrinkage? It was highly unlikely that the nose suffered from the kind of persistent injury that frequently affected the desensitized hands and feet. What about rats? This, too, seemed unlikely. Enough sensitivity existed in a leper's face, especially around the mouth, to argue strongly against the notion of rodent assault.

As Paul Brand pursued the riddle, he became convinced that neither injuries nor rats were involved. Finally, he found his answer in his research on the effect of *bacillus leprae* on the delicate membranes inside the nose. These membranes would contract severely in lepers. This meant that the connecting cartilage would be yanked inward. What was happening, therefore, was not decay or loss of nasal structure through injury. The nose was being drawn into the head.

It was a startling discovery, running counter to medical ideas that had lasted for centuries. Could Paul Brand prove it? The best way of proceeding, he felt, was by surgery that would push the nose back into the face. He therefore reconstructed the nose from the inside. It was a revolutionary approach.

He knew that the operation couldn't work in all cases. Where the leprosy was so far advanced that membrane shrinkage left little to work with, it was doubtful that the operation would be successful. But there was a good chance that, in those cases where the disease could be arrested and where the shrinkage was not extreme, noses could be pushed back into place.

The theory worked. As a result, the nose restorative operation developed at Vellore has been used for the benefit of large numbers of lepers at hospitals throughout the world.

Next, blindness. Of all the afflictions of leprosy, perhaps none is more serious or characteristic than blindness. Here, too, it had been assumed for many centuries that loss of sight was a specific manifestation of advanced leprosy. At Vellore, this assumption was severely questioned. Intensive study of the disease convinced Paul Brand and his fellow researchers that blindness was not a direct product of leprosy but a by-product. A serious Vitamin A deficiency, for example, could be a major contributing cause of cataracts, which, left unattended, would often destroy eyesight. Enrichening the diets of lepers with Vitamin A helped to prevent eye cataracts and consequent blindness. Where cataracts were already formed, it was possible to remove them by surgery.

It was in this field that Dr. Margaret Brand became especially active and effective. On some days she would perform as many as a hundred cataract operations. This number would seem high to the point of absurdity to many European and American eye surgeons for whom twelve such operations in a single day would be considered formidable. But the eye surgeons at Vellore have to contend with literally thousands of people waiting in line to be saved from blindness. They often work fourteen to sixteen hours a day, using techniques that facilitate rapid surgery.

Dr. Margaret Brand was part of a field medical-and-surgical team that would make regular rounds among villages far removed from the hospital. Surgical tents would be set up. Electricity would be supplied by power take-off devices from the jeep motors.

Cataracts, however, were not the

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whole story in blindness among lepers. Many lepers at Vellore didn't suffer from cataracts yet were losing their sight from eye ulcerations. Did the *bacillus leprae* produce the infection and the resultant ulcerations and blindness? Or, as in the case of fingers and toes, was the loss of function a by-product in which other causes had to be identified and eliminated?

The latter line of reasoning proved to be fruitful. Human eyes are constantly exposed to all sorts of irritations from dust and dirt in the air. The eyes deal with these invasions almost without a person being aware of the process. Thousands of times a day the eyelids close and open, washing the surface of the eye with soothing saline fluid released by the tear ducts.

Paul Brand and his colleagues believed this washing process didn't take place in lepers because there was a loss of sensation on the eye surface caused by the atrophy of nerve endings. This hypothesis was easily and readily confirmed. They observed the eyes of lepers when subjected to ordinary irritations. There was, as they had suspected, no batting of the eyelids; therefore there could be no washing process. The big problem, then, was to get the eyelids working again.

WHY not educate lepers to make a conscious effort to bat their eyes? There being no impairment of a leper's ability to close his eyes at will, it ought to be possible to train lepers to be diligent in this respect. But experiments quickly demonstrated the disadvantages of this approach. Unless a leper concentrated on the matter constantly, it wouldn't work. And if he did concentrate, he could think of almost nothing else. No; what was needed was a way of causing eyelid action that would clean the eyes automatically.

In the case of fingers or toes, it was possible to educate lepers in stress tolerances and to give them protective gloves or shoes. How to keep dirt and foreign objects from getting into the eye? Eye goggles might be one answer but they were not airtight, were cumbersome, would fog up because of the high humidity, and were too easily lost. Something more basic would have to be found.

The answer, again, was found in reconstructive surgery. Paul Brand and his team devised a way of hooking up the muscles of the jaw to the eyelid. Every time a leper opened his mouth, the new facial muscles would pull the eyelids and cause them to close, thus washing the eyeball. In this way, a leper could literally talk and eat his way out of oncoming blindness. Countless numbers of lepers have their sight today because of this ingenious use of surgery in facilitating the use of nature's mechanism to get rid of dirt and dust in the eyes.

• • •

Gradually, as the result of research at Vellore and other leper centers throughout the world, the terrible black superstition about leprosy is receding. Contrary to popular impression, it is not highly contagious. In fact, it is virtually impossible to transmit leprosy to a healthy person. As with tuberculosis, of course, persons in weakened conditions are vulnerable in varying degrees. The disease is not hereditary; again, however, as with other diseases, increased susceptibility can be passed along from parent to child.

Basically, leprosy is the product of filth, poverty, and malnutrition. It is not, as is generally supposed, a disease of the tropics and subtropics. It can exist wherever unsanitary conditions, hunger, or poorly balanced diet exist. It has existed in countries as far north as Iceland. Scarcely a country in the world has been untouched by it. But the important thing is that it is eradicable, and its victims can be cured or appreciably helped and rehabilitated. And it can once and for all be rescued from the general ignorance and associated superstitions assigned to it over the ages.

Medical researchers have given high recognition to Dr. Brand and his colleagues for their new insights into the nature of leprosy, but even greater accolades within the profession have come his way because of his work in rehabilitative surgery. He has been able to transform hands, long clawed and rigid because of nerve atrophy brought on by leprosy or other causes, into functioning mechanisms. Almost legendary in India is a case of a lawyer on whom he operated. For many years, the lawyer had been at a disadvantage in court. His gestures, so essential a part of the dramatic courtroom manner, were actually a liability; judge and jury were distracted by the hideously deformed and frozen hand. Then one day the lawyer raised his hand to emphasize a point. The hand was supple; the fingers moved, the gesture was appropriate. Paul Brand had operated on the hand, hooking up muscle and nerve connections to the forearm, then educating the patient to retrain his command impulses.

Paul Brand and his staff have performed thousands of similar operations on patients at Vellore. But they have also gone far beyond surgery into what they consider an even more vital phase of the total treatment. This is psychological rehabilitation. A man who, as a leper, has been a beggar for twenty years is not considered to be fully treated at Vellore until he is mentally and physically prepared to be a useful and proud citizen in his society. At Vellore, handicapped patients are given the kind of training that will enable them to be as self-supporting as possible. They gain a respect for the limitless potentialities and adaptabilities of the human organism. They learn that even as low as 10 per cent mobility can be made to yield a high return in terms of effective productivity. And, in the Emersonian sense, self-reliance creates self-respect.

It is not necessary, of course, to provide any precise assessment of the relative importance of the three main phases of Paul Brand's work—taking the black curse and superstition out of leprosy, reconstructive surgery, and personal and psychological rehabilitation. All are important; all are interrelated. But one aspect of his work may perhaps be more evocative and compelling than any of the others. He is a doctor who, if he could, would move heaven and earth just to return the gift of pain to people who do not have it. For pain is both the warning system and the protective mechanism that enables an individual to defend the integrity of his body. Its signals may not always be readily intelligible but at least they are there. And the individual can mobilize his response.

For the millions of lepers in the world today whose lack of pain places them in mortal jeopardy, Paul Brand and his colleagues are doing everything they can to provide substitute warning systems. Eventually, if their progress continues, they will master the phenomenon of pain and the ultimate good therein.

IN PAST YEARS *Saturday Review* readers, in cooperation with the editors, have undertaken several significant projects. In 1949 they established a Moral Adoptions Program, enabling them to care for children whose parents had been killed in the atomic explosion at Hiroshima in August 1945. In 1955 *SR* readers participated in a project for bringing to the United States for plastic and reconstructive surgery a number of young Hiroshima ladies who had been disfigured or crippled in the atomic bombing.

Finally, in 1958, *SR* readers helped provide medical and surgical treatment for the "Ravensbrueck Lapins"—a group of Polish ladies who were ill or incapacitated as a result of guinea-pig surgical experimentation by Nazi doctors during the Second World War.

The editors now unreservedly invited *SR* readers to help Paul Brand and his associates with their work at Vellore. Contributions, which are tax-exempt, may be sent to Vellore Medical Fund, care of *Saturday Review*, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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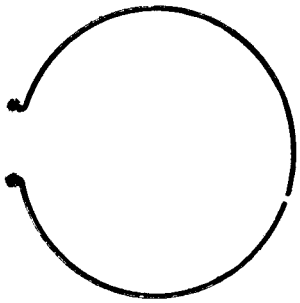

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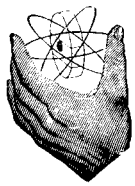

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait XCIX • Letter from Cleveland • Research Frontier • Letters to the Science Editor

ARTICLE: The Exorbitant Cost of Dissent

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

ANCIENT AMERICA'S GEOMETERS

BEGINNING in the neighborhood of 3,000 years ago, and coming up into the era when Christ was born, there lived on the northern land mass of earth's western hemisphere a people who numbered among them remarkably skilled geometers. They had no written language and no wheels, lived always near the water, apparently migrated along the Mississippi River and its tributaries (which is to say over two-thirds of what is now the continental United States), and left behind them thousands of earthworks in the form of perfect squares, perfect circles, perfect squares within perfect circles, polygons with equal sides, ellipses, long lines in exact parallel, sweeping arcs in parallel, rhomboids, and exquisitely proportioned magnifications of natural shapes like The Great Serpent pictured on the cover of this issue of *Saturday Review*.

Who these people were and where they came from remain major puzzles of history. How they ran their society—fed it, led it, contented it—is another enigma; almost nothing is known about their dynamics of living except that they built earthworks and died. Yet they did run a society for hundreds of years, and it commanded a loyalty and discipline capable of building at least one structure many times as massive as the Great Pyramid of Cheops in Egypt.

This grand monument of their culture can still be seen today. It is the ruin of a planned city in northern Louisiana, overlooking a bayou west of the Mississippi northwest of Vicksburg, at a place called Poverty Point, on a plantation owned by Mr. Ralph Marston of Shreveport. Some archeologists who know the site well say the Poverty Point cultural complex was a set of six concentric octagons, the outermost one three-fourths of a mile across. If this theoretical reconstruction is correct, the set of octagons was cut in half, and the eastern half was washed away by a shift in the channel of the Arkansas River 2,000 years ago.

Standing now on the site are six worn concentric ridges, each four to six feet high, 150 feet apart from crest to crest and—a further mark of the geometer's art—also from trough to trough. The inner ridge is 1,950 feet long, the outer ridge 3,960 feet (see bottom sketch, page 55). Archeologist James A. Ford, who began exploring the Poverty Point ruins a decade ago while on the staff of the American Museum of Natural History in New York, figures that "if the concentric octagonal ridges were completed to the east in symmetrical fashion, the total length of ridge constructed would approximate 11.2 miles. Six feet high by eighty feet across the base is a conservative estimate of the average original dimensions of the ridge cross-section. A simple calculation gives the figure of about 530,000 cubic yards of earth." This mass, he says, was "over thirty-five times the cubage" of the famous Cheops pyramid at Gizeh.

"The few examples of chronological information that have been secured from excavations in various parts of the earthwork suggest that probably all of it was built and inhabited at about the same time," Dr. Ford reported in *Volume 46 of Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History.* 'It is obvious that the figure was constructed according to an integrated plan that probably would not have prevailed if the town had grown by accretion over a long span of time."

"Although no direct evidence of dwellings was found" in his digging, Dr. Ford assumed, from the great number of household artifacts buried beneath the surface of the ridge slopes, that homes of the inhabitants of Poverty Point were lined along the tops of the ridges. He continued: "In the absence of evidence as to the size and arrangement of houses . . . , an estimate of the size of the population is difficult. If the octagonal figure were symmetrical and complete in the eastern portion, which is now erased . . . [and] if houses were arranged along these ridges at 100-foot intervals, there would have been about 600 houses in the town. There were probably several times this number. In any event, a population of several thousand people is indicated.

"Another method for arriving at a rough estimate of the population is to consider the amount of non-essential work that was accomplished in constructing the Poverty Point earthworks. . . . It has been estimated that these constructions contain over half a million cubic yards of soil. If a basket load weighed about fifty pounds, more than 20,000,000 basket loads were laboriously dug, loaded into baskets, and carried to their proper place in the earthworks. . . .

"The . . . rather obvious conclusion to be drawn from the arrangement and scale of these earthworks is that this community must have been rather strictly organized. While a religious motivation may ultimately explain the large amount of earth construction, this effort was obviously well-controlled. The geometrical arrangement of the town . . . [is plainly a result] of central planning and direction. It is difficult to visualize how in a loosely organized society this quantity of essentially non-productive labor could have been expended."

The Poverty Point structure is unique in North America, not only in terms of size and complexity but of age and mystery of origin. Radioactive dating places some of its relics from 1,300 B.C. to 200 B.C., with a strong cluster about 800 B.C. No other community of its size is known to have existed in what is now the United

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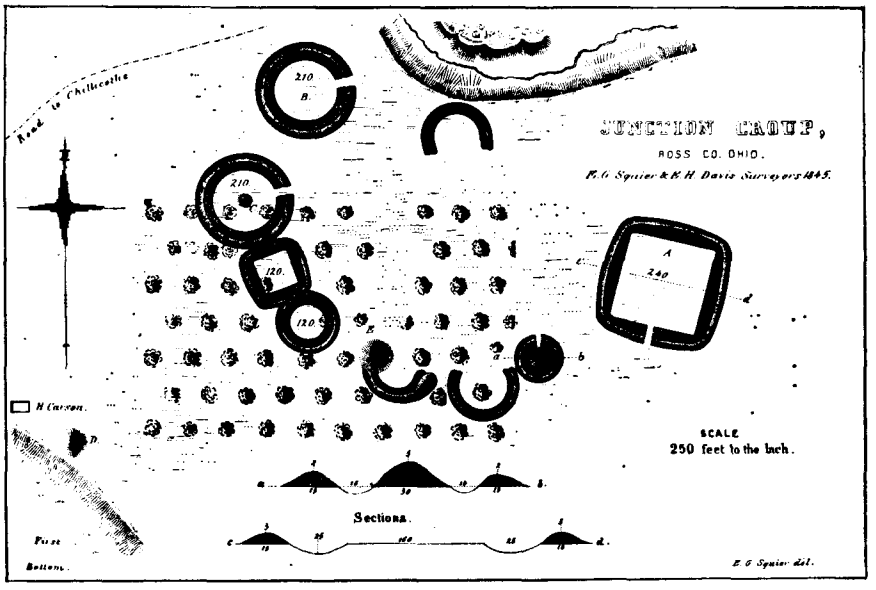

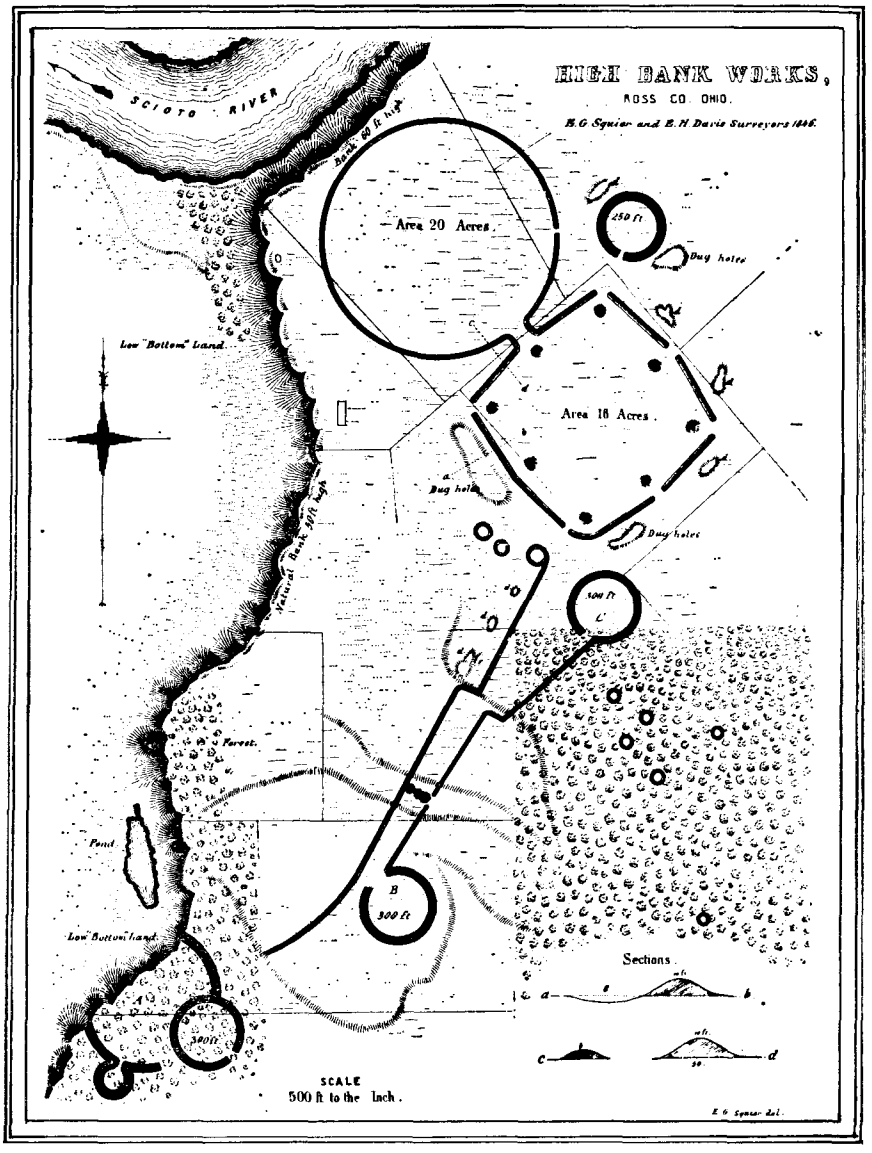

AREAS UP TO 100 ACRES WERE BOUNDED BY PRECISE SQUARES, circles and octagonal enclosures by geometers in North America hundreds of years before white men arrived on the continent. Examples on this page and at masthead on page 53 are taken from *Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge, Vol. 1*, by special permission. So are serpent, alligator opposite. Bears, birds from National Park Service; octagon from American Museum of Natural History.

States during the first millenium B.C. Its ruins were first mentioned by Samuel H. Lockett in the *Smithsonian Institution Report for 1872*, and the first detailed description was published in the winter of 1912-13 by Clarence B. Moore, who came upon the mounds from his steamboat, *Gopher*. But all early impressions were of disconnected low swales. No one appreciated the spectacular geometry of the whole configuration until Dr. Ford in 1953 obtained photographs taken from the air for mapping purposes by the Mississippi River Commission of the U. S. Army Engineers.

The immediate effect of the intricate nature of the construction was to suggest that the designers of the Poverty Point pattern had come from Central America, where the ancient Mayas had discovered zero and erected on it a decimal system of mathematics. However, as exploration of the site proceeded, the diggers turned up fragments of copper and iron and banded slate from the Great Lakes, gray chert from Indiana and Ohio, soapstone from North Carolina, galena from Missouri, quartz crystal from Arkansas, black argillite from Oklahoma; obviously, extensive trading had been done from the Louisiana site northward in the Mississippi basin. Opinion therefore veered to the proposition that Poverty Point may have been colonized from the mound-building culture known to have centered first around Adena, Ohio, and later around Hopewell in the same state.

The Adena culture included pottery, which first appeared in North America about 1,000 B.C. (a millenium and a half behind Central and South America). The Adenas buried their dead in elaborate log tombs in steep conical mounds. They built "sacred circles" and other earthworks of precise geometrical design. Their houses were circular, with paired supporting posts. They carved tablets in stone, sculpted tubular stone pipes apparently for ceremonial purposes, and manufactured reel-shaped gorgets of copper. The most famous surviving relic of their culture is the Great Serpent Mound, preserved in a small public park near Peebles, Ohio. The serpentine form plainly had been laid out before construction began, for excavations into the form have revealed flat stones and lumps of clay that had been placed on the ground as guides.

The Hopewell culture, which sprang up in Ohio about 500 years after the rise of the Adena, was a true technological society in the modern sense. Although archeologists do not understand how such a stable and imaginative people could have generated enough energy to keep itself going without a settled agricultural economy, the artifacts of agriculture have not yet been dug out. Preoccupation with the ceremonial as-

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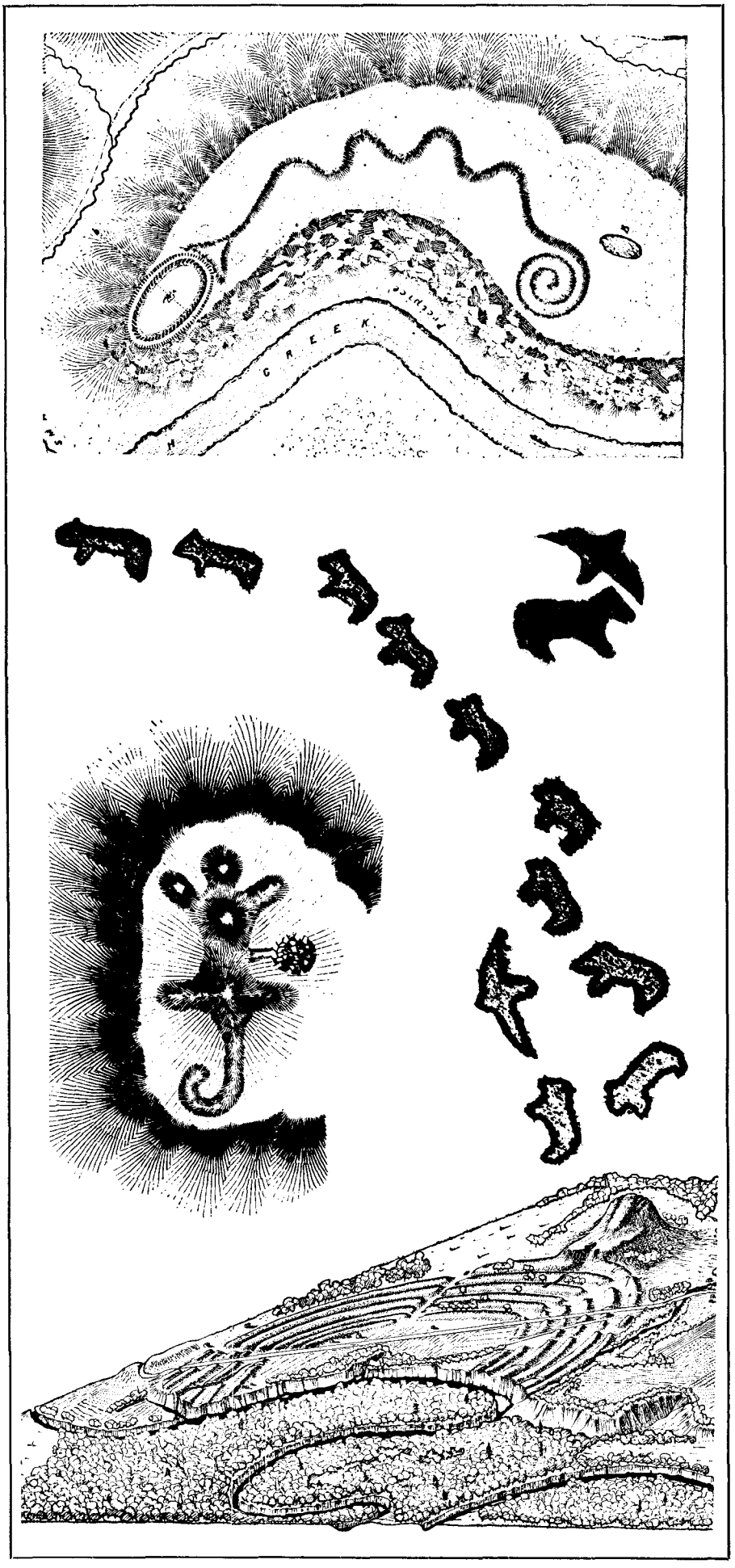
THE ANCIENT AMERICAN EFFIGY mounds sketched at right (scanning downward): The Great Serpent, preserved in a park near Peebles, Ohio; marching bears, with birds, preserved in a park near Marquette, Ohio; alligator near Oranville, Ohio; eagle (?) at Poverty Point, Louisiana. Wisconsin is famous for its effigies of birds, bears, deer, buffalo, panther, beaver, turtle.



pects of the culture has left an unfortunate hiatus in knowledge of everyday Hopewell life. Order and organization are evident in the earthern walls they erected, up to sixteen feet tall and enclosing as much as 100 acres. A system of arts and crafts would have been necessary to turn copper into ear-spools, fashion cutouts of sheet mica, sculpt stone, carve bone, *repousse* copper and overlay it with silver and iron, design figurines with realistic costumes and hairdos, and shape accurate representations of birds, animals and men on tubular stone pipes—all of which the Hopewell people did, and not meagerly; hundreds of pounds of raw materials were imported from the Rocky Mountains, from Lake Superior, from the coasts of the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean. Even graphite and the type of iron that comes from meteorites were somehow obtained and worked, along with tortoise shells and the teeth of sharks and grizzly bears.

Other mound builders also had left effigies of animals and birds (see sketches at right) in Wisconsin and Iowa. In trying to fit the Poverty Point community into the accepted chronology of all these relics of North American prehistory, it was even supposed that the nest of half-octagons in Louisiana actually had never been intended as octagons but as the wings of a giant eagle.

Since the Hopewell culture was considered to climax the Adena culture, and since the climax had been dated around the time of the birth of Christ, considerable argument arose over how it would have been possible for Adena-Hopewell to colonize Poverty Point. Today the weight of archeological opinion favors the original notion that Poverty Point must have been a way station for offshoots of the Mayas or Aztecs enroute up the Mississippi and Ohio river valleys.

The issue has not yet been settled. Entailed in the continuing debate over it are factors of much import to man's grasp of how he got to his present state of civilization through the vicissitudes of sometimes violently changing environment (and, by inference, how he might expect to cope with future climatic change). In the Old World, animal husbandry and agriculture together constituted the earliest revolution in human affairs. In the New World, organized agriculture was not accompanied by domestication of animals. Of that much

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there is no longer a question among archeologists. What remains to be resolved is whether even agriculture is necessarily concomitant to the rise of human culture.

SOME students of the Poverty Point structural complex hold that the spectacular Louisiana earthworks were built by a people who had not yet developed domestication of food crops. Certainly no conclusive evidence of the practice of agriculture at the site has been uncovered. Artifacts found in the octagonal ridges reflect inhabitants who hunted game with hand-thrown darts and iron balls thrown at the ends of simple networks of strings. These people had no pots to cook in, but fired baked clay balls to red heat for boiling, stewing or roasting either in animal skins or holes in the ground. Yet the prodigiously hard labor of earthwork construction was faithfully performed. The workers needed energy. Where did they get it? The Poverty Point neighborhood holds no source of easily gathered fruits or berries or acorns. Shellfish might have been available in the nearby river channel in the earliest days. However, if shellfish had been the staple food, surely the shells would have accumulated on the site in substantial quantities. Such an accumulation would have neutralized the acidity of the Poverty Point soil, which has destroyed all evidence of shell or bone.

Enough has been said in this simplified account of a complex subject to establish preservation of the Poverty Point earthworks as an appropriate cultural objective for the American people. The National Park Service is already moving toward this end, and is prepared to maintain the Louisiana ruin as an historic site. An enabling bill was introduced in the Congress by U. S. Representative Otto Passman. Hearings were held by the National Park Subcommittee of the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs. At the end of the hearings, legislative interest in the Poverty Point bill suddenly disappeared. Why?

According to prominent archeologists who worked at Poverty Point last summer, the Louisiana relic of ancient America somehow became involved in the question of civil rights. National Park Service intervention became a symbol of Federal government interference in the affairs of the southern states; worse still, it became a case of big government invading the private rights of individual citizens. Owners of property encompassing relics associated with Poverty Point threatened to flatten the mounds on their places with a bulldozer.

Archeologists are alarmed by the prospects that a priceless heritage may be destroyed and later mourned.

Louisiana is not alone. States of the north and south are equally involved. Since the advent of the bulldozer in clearing land for highways and dams in the last quarter century, thousands of ancient earthworks have been destroyed. Not all have historical value, but some do. Professor J. O. Brew, director of Harvard's Peabody Museum, has written about the screening problem in *Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society.* The Museum of New Mexico Press has published a small book by Fred Wendorf titled *A Guide for Salvage Archeology.* Such men as Dr. William G. Haag of the Louisiana State University Printing Office, Dr. Douglas M. Schwartz of the University of Kentucky, Dr. E. Mott Davis of the University of Texas, and Dr. Stephen Williams of Harvard are contributing to a series of volumes which the National Park Service hopes to issue by 1966 to stem the flood of destruction. Interested laymen will find in the bookshops sometime later this year a Johnson Reprint Corporation reproduction of *Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge, Vol. 1: Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley.* It is replete with stunning sketches of the work of ancient geometers who, as the authors say, "challenge our admiration and excite our surprise."

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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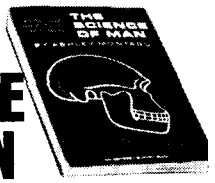

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XCIX

CLOCK WATCHING GENIUS

Dr. Felix Vening-Meinesz

FELIX Andries Vening-Meinesz was born youngest of four children, at the seaside town of Scheveningen in Holland on July 30, 1887.

Vening-Meinesz has Friesian fire in his belly. The "family name" of Dutch custom was originally Vening Meinesz, which was hyphenated by deed-poll during the period 1880-1890 when his father, Sjoerd Vening-Meinesz, was burgomaster of Rotterdam.

In 1891 Vening-Meinesz's father became burgomaster of Amsterdam, and young Felix grew to manhood in that town. At the age of fifteen, too tall for his years, he contracted a heart condition known clinically as tachycardia, characterized by recurrent periods of incapacitating accelerated heartbeat.

He attributes his lifelong frugal habits in eating, drinking, and smoking to this period of delicate adolescence.

At the age of seventeen he matriculated as a student of civil engineering in the Technical Highschool at Delft, where he graduated with the coveted "Ir." in 1910, with the intention of making a career in the Rijkswaterstaat, a Dutch government department which includes not only canals and waterways, but the reclamation of land from the North Sea as well.

However, that was not to be: for Professor Heuvelink, his teacher in the subject of Geodetics, offered him the opportunity of two years of postgraduate study in the determination of the force of gravity at a handful of pendulum stations in the Netherlands.

[A pendulum betrays the force of gravity at whatever place the pendulum is in motion because it is gravity that pulls the pendulum down at the center point of its swing. The stronger is the force of gravity, the shorter the arc inscribed by the pendulum will be].

As it turned out, young Meinesz was soon swinging pendulums at upwards of fifty stations; for although superficially much of Holland is dead flat, beneath the fertile topsoil the geology

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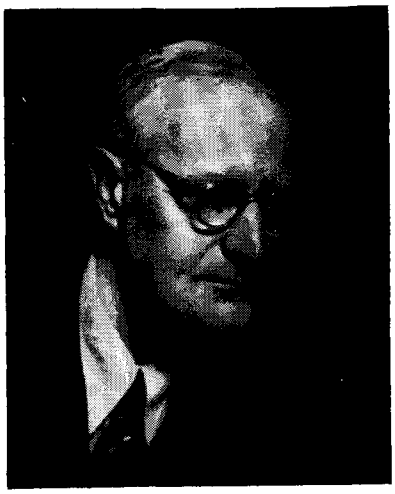

—*Columbia University.*

of sediment and glacial boulder-clay is extremely complicated. Moreover, early in what became in the upshot a ten-year program of gravity observations, Vening-Meinesz found himself plagued by the waves of the North Sea beating against the protecting dikes of the "lowlands of Holland;" for no matter how stable he tried to make the fundaments of his pendulums, the resulting microseisms would give rise to spurious disturbances. He dodged this difficulty in characteristically ingenious fashion by swinging *two* pendulums in opposite phase at every station on his Netherlands network.

Thus in 1912 he received his doctorate from his alma mater for his work in geodetics, and in 1923 sought new lands to conquer below the waters of the North Sea. To this end he sought and obtained the help of the Dutch navy, which allowed him aboard a submarine where he could swing pendulums on the most stable platform a geodesist could desire —one submerged in the completely calm waters below the ocean waves.

So he duly presented himself at the submarine quay of the Dutch naval base at den Helder, in all the majesty of his towering height of close on two meters, whereupon it is on record that the skipper of the allotted sub was heard to remark drily: "This won't survive a trial trip of twenty-four hours!"

And indeed it needed all the well-known Meinesz tenacity to stick it out. Once he had shoehorned himself downwards through the circular hatch of the conning tower, he lived all his waking and working hours doubled up like a half-shut knife, perpetually cracking his domed skull against overhead piping, control valves, and the like.

Here legend has it that his heavy limp stems from a fall through the conning tower hatch. Not a bit of it. His left knee had been arthritic ever since those land-bound years from 1910 to 1920, when he would kneel countless times a day on rough, damp flooring at the telescope of his swinging pendulums . . . !

So began, in the North Sea off the shores of his native land, a series of four historic cruises in naval submarines. He brought back that rich harvest of ocean-wide gravity observations from which he brewed his now world-famous theory of convection currents in the earth's mantle as the prime cause of the superficial topography of the globe.

Let us call the roll:

In 1923 the *K2*, with Vening-Meinesz and his pendulums on board, made a routine trip via the Suez Canal from den Helder in the Netherlands to Surabaya in the then Dutch East Indies. For Vening-Meinesz this was a full-scale trial of his geodetic apparatus, with some new gravity determinations in the northern Indian Ocean thrown in.

K13 in 1926–27 was a full-dress affair, carrying the newly appointed Professor of Geophysics at the University of Utrecht on his first voyage of discovery. Here the route to Surabaya was via the Panama Canal, and the program was aimed at a general gravimetric survey of the equatorial Pacific Ocean. Intensive observations were made of the profiles of the deep-sea trenches off Guam (where the professor's heart laid him flat on his back for several days), Yap, the Philippines, and no less than four profiles of the Java trench. This work on the profiles of the deep-sea trenches involved submerging four times a day, and Vening-Meinesz remarks wryly that it was just as well that the *K13* made only eight knots—otherwise she would have been obliged to submerge six or eight times every twenty-four hours!

In 1929-30, again in *K13*, Meinesz undertook a survey of all the seas off the East Indies, and it was on the basis of these observations that he pronounced his dogma of two kinds of ocean trench —the complex down-buckled [in which the crust is believed to be pulled down by the opposing forces of a pair of convection cells in the mantle below, one moving clockwise and the other counter-clockwise] and the simple shear varieties [in which the crust is pulled apart and a surface block falls to form the trench floor].

Finally in 1934–35 came the cruise of *K18* down the east coast of South America, across the South Atlantic via Tristan da Cunha to the west coast of Africa, round the Cape, up the east coast of Africa via Durban and Mauritius, and so across the southern Indian Ocean to Batavia.

Here, too, some hours out of Capetown, came a turning point in the psychological life of Felix Andries. He found himself on duty one night of stars, with a younger companion on the conning tower, listening to what he himself describes as his "inner voice." Technically a member of the Dutch Reformed Church, he had given little heed to the spiritual side of his make-up until this particular evening in his forty-seventh year. Since then, his interest and basic involvement in the things of the spirit have developed in typically idiosyncratic fashion. Today he is at once a stout proponent of the "Copenhagener Geist" in the epistemology of Complementarity, and at the same time a confirmed Johnian. He is currently deeply engaged, along with some others of his more contemplative contemporaries, with the problem of *malum est privatio boni.*

In 1938, Vening-Meinesz's academic career came full circle with his appointment to the Chair of Physical Geodesy at Delft, to which one of his own star pupils, G. J. Bruins, succeeded him on his retirement in 1957. Another such, Johan G. Scholte, succeeded him at Utrecht.

And so, full of years and honors, F. A. Vening-Meinesz enjoys his well-earned "retirement," his days filled with the editing and writing of books, in which he is helped and encouraged by several academic generations of younger geophysicists; with the chairmanship of the Netherlands Geodetic Commission; and with many a good deed and generous action that nobody ever hears about.

We leave him walking in the woods of his beloved Eelerberg, accompanied by "Topje," a small terrier described by his idolized master as "of uncertain lineage": his thoughts characteristically of the future, with it could be an occasional backward glance, as he passes the tennis court, at the memory of a once smashing service—from a height of well over two meters—that rejoiced him in the heyday of his youth.

—Ronald Fraser.

Ronald Fraser is former editor of "ICSU Review," journal of the International Council of Scientific Unions. His sketch of Dr. Vening-Meinesz is reproduced from the current issue of "ICSU Review."

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LETTER FROM CLEVELAND

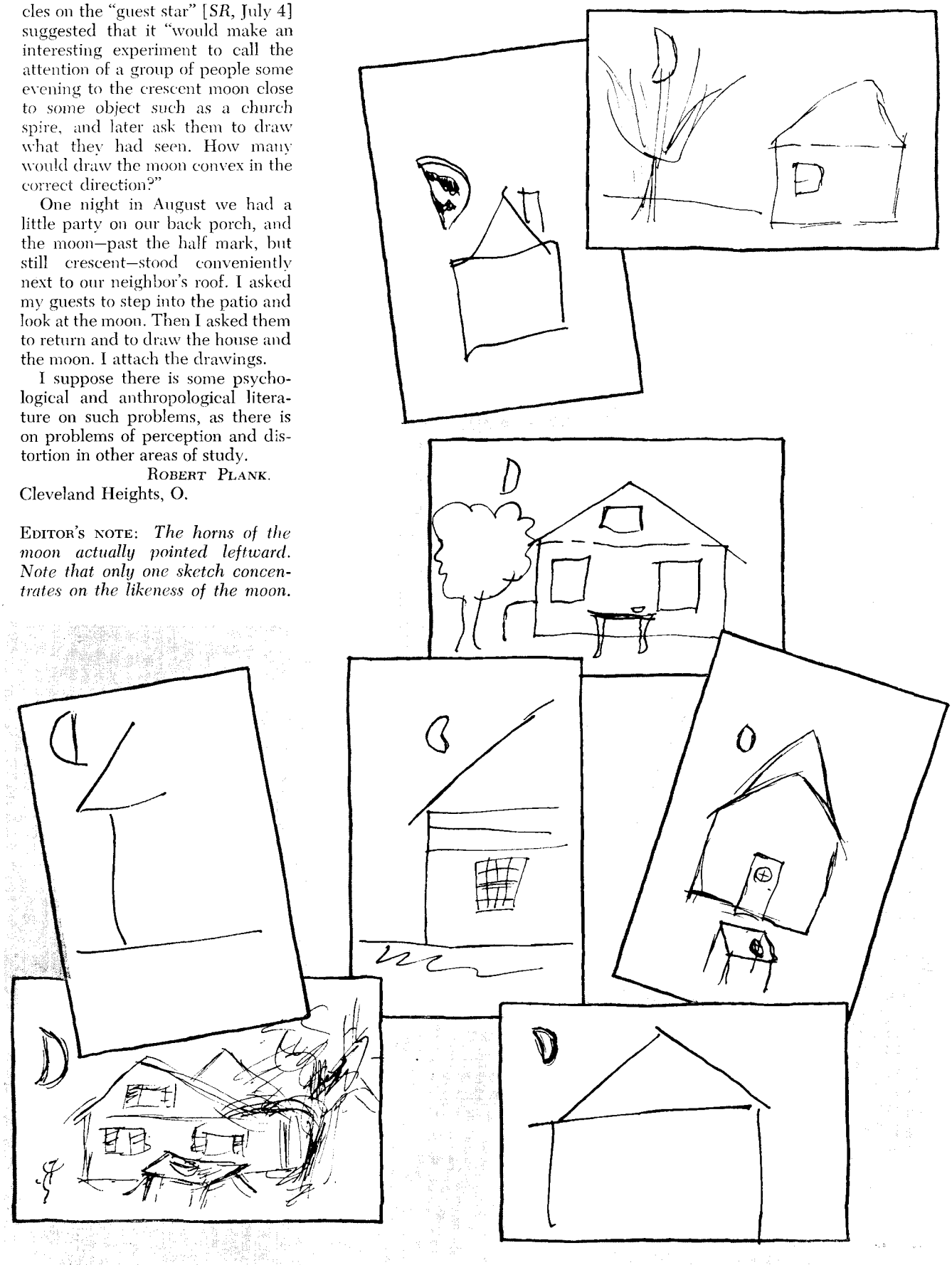
THE FASCINATING GROUP of articles on the "guest star" [*SR*, July 4] suggested that it "would make an interesting experiment to call the attention of a group of people some evening to the crescent moon close to some object such as a church spire, and later ask them to draw what they had seen. How many would draw the moon convex in the correct direction?"

One night in August we had a little party on our back porch, and the moon—past the half mark, but still crescent—stood conveniently next to our neighbor's roof. I asked my guests to step into the patio and look at the moon. Then I asked them to return and to draw the house and the moon. I attach the drawings.

I suppose there is some psychological and anthropological literature on such problems, as there is on problems of perception and distortion in other areas of study.

ROBERT PLANK.
Cleveland Heights, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The horns of the moon actually pointed leftward. Note that only one sketch concentrates on the likeness of the moon.*



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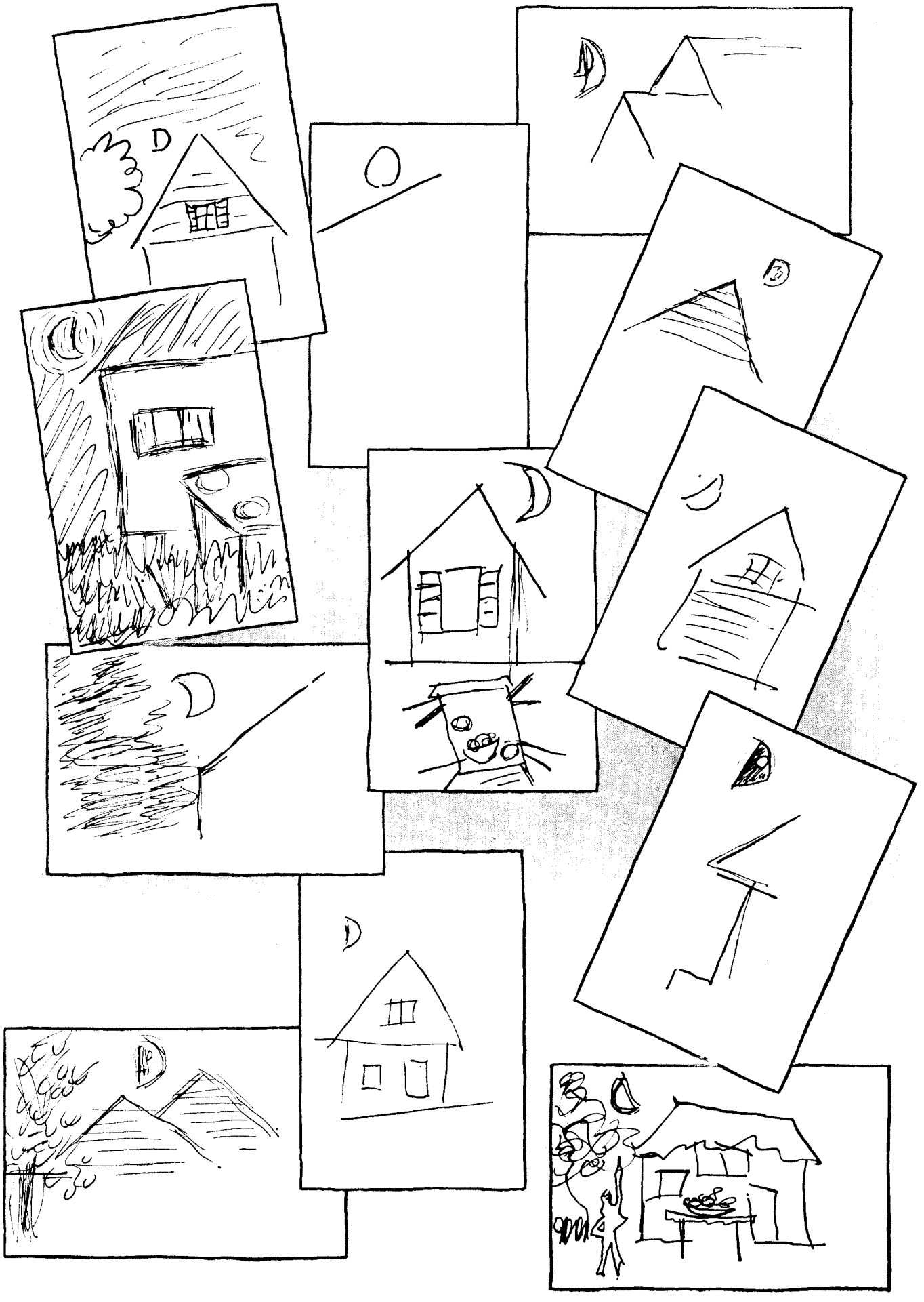

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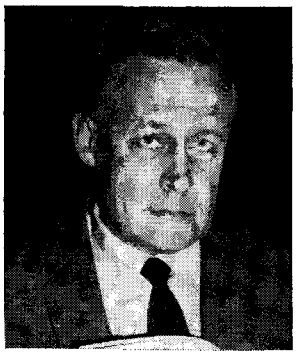
THE RESEARCH FRONTIER



—Wide World.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

In a recent issue of "Battelle Technical Review," John W. Clark put it this way: "Horace Greeley said, 'Go West, young man;' the corresponding advice today might be, 'Get wet, young man,' because it is in the ocean that unlimited opportunities for those energetic and capable enough to develop them are to be found." Where, especially, do these opportunities lie? An ad hoc study panel of the Scientific Committee on Oceanic Research (SCOR) of the International Council of Scientific Unions last summer put together what it called "a general scientific framework for world ocean study" and distributed this paper to marine scientists over the globe for comment and criticism. The preface says: "We have made no attempt to compile a complete list of all the scientific problems awaiting study in the oceans. Instead, our objective has been to write a document that would arouse interest among ad-

ROGER REVELLE

Harvard University

SEA WATER contains many of the minerals necessary to the world's chemical industry, yet there never has been a venturesome and vigorous evaluation of its potential mineral resources. Could an industrial technique be developed to process the sea water more efficiently? Sodium chloride is extracted now; modest mining is done for bromine and magnesium. Practically no research is being done on possible uses of magnesium. Could a greater demand for magnesium be created? Could it successfully compete with aluminum in certain instances?

What are the present and future needs for rubidium and cesium? It would be easy to extract them from sea water, especially where large volumes of the water are being processed, as in sea water conversion plants. One possibility is to combine a chemical processing plant with a plant converting sea water to fresh water. A single set of pumps could service both installations and the effluent of the fresh water plant would be concentrated by two to fourfold.

Another little-investigated possibility is the use of organisms (especially micro-organisms) to concentrate such elements as iron, copper, uranium, zinc, and iodine.

Taking advantage of such possibilities will require a great deal of ingenuity and must depend on new knowledge from basic and applied research and engineering. A modest portion of the funds currently being used for sea water conversion research could be allocated to such studies.

Although drugs, by and large, cannot be classified as minerals, the sea has been a useful source of drugs including agar, cod liver and other fish oils, chondrus extract, spermaceti, ichthyol, and various chemical combinations of iodine, magnesium, and bromine. Lack of medical utilization of more substances from the sea is perhaps due to lack of knowledge about the compounds which may be available. Antibiotics may be one of the unexplored potentials of the sea. The presence of antibiotics in marine organisms has been demonstrated.

Materials of possible economic interest on the deep sea floor, with rough estimates of total reserves, are:

	Estimated Tonnage	*Elements of Interest*
Manganese nodules	10^{12}	Manganese Copper Cobalt Nickel Molybdenum Vanadium Zinc Zirconium
Phosphorite nodules	10^{10}	Phosphorous Zirconium
Globigerina ooze	10^{14}	Calcium carbonate
Diatomaceous ooze	10^{13}	Silica
Red clay	10^{15}	Copper
Barium sulphate concentrations	?	Barium sulphate
Magnetic spherules	?	Nickel Iron

AS we go into deep water we find incredibly large quantities of black, potato-shaped nodules lying on the sea floor. These contain 25 to 30 per cent of manganese, and sometimes as much as 1 per cent of cobalt, copper, or nickel. The deposits are actually forming at a more rapid rate than the world rate of consumption of these metals. Thus, the nodules represent a renewable resource. Within one or two decades they may become economically mineable. Gross recoverable values are estimated to range from forty-five to 100 dollars a ton, and some experts believe that the nodules can now be mined at a profit because they may be amenable to a very low-cost automated technology.

Efficient mining of these deposits will require large-scale operations, with a single unit producing at least 5,000 tons of nodules per day, at a gross value of about $125,000,000 per year. Such a large operation will not get underway until sufficient data become available to engineer its development. An important prerequisite is a better understanding of the variations in composition and abundance of nodules in different sea areas. Research done to date has shown that the distribution of the nodules, though widespread, is not uniform, and that the chemical composition ranges within wide limits. The nodules seem to be concentrated at the sediment-water interface, while the enclosing and underlying fine-grained pelagic sediment commonly contains "micro-nodules" (less than one millimeter) comparable in composition to the coarser material.

Present knowledge of the distribution and composition of manganese nodules is based on widely spaced "grab" samples, supported in places by sea-bottom photography. Samples have been reported from less than 150 localities in the Pacific basin. This is equivalent to about one sample per million square kilometers.

A suggested method of collecting what are effectively continuous samples calls for the construction of a large number of inexpensive, free-falling automated samplers which could be cast overboard at short intervals from a lead ship. They would sink to the bottom, collect a sample, take a photograph, release a weight, and return to the surface where they would be recovered by a trailing ship. Such a

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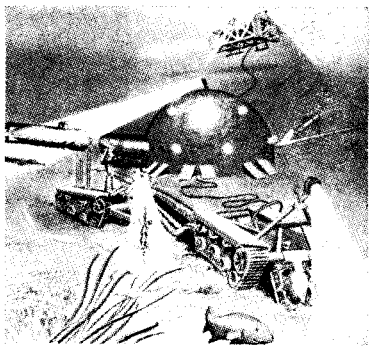
ministrators and stimulate thinking among oceanographers. We have tried to show the sweep and diversity of the marine sciences, to suggest some of the scientific tools needed to study them, and to examine the economic benefits that might result from a greater knowledge of the sea. We have placed no special emphasis on problems requiring international scientific cooperation. But it should be clear from the text that many such problems exist, while others can best be attacked by individuals or groups working in and out of a single laboratory." From a draft of the "general scientific framework" written by Dr. Roger Revelle, who this month of October 1964 moves from Scripps Institution of Oceanography, University of California, to head a new Center For Population Studies at Harvard, School of Public Health, SR's science editor has excerpted the following passage concerned with the economic potential of sea mining.



—*Battelle Technical Review.*

system could provide a line of data, where the continuity samplers were cast overboard. A parallel series of such traverses would provide the data for a detailed geologic map of a portion of the sea floor.

Phosphorite nodules are found in many places, mostly on the outer continental shelves and off-shore banks, in much shallower water than manganese nodules. Deposits on the banks of the continental borderlands off Southern California are estimated to contain up to 50,000,000 or 60,000,000 tons of phosphatic minerals.

The California off-shore deposits are comparable with low-grade phosphates on land rather than with so-called high-grade phosphates. They contain 31 to 32 per cent phosphorus pentoxide after removal of the nonphosphatic materials with which the phosphate minerals are mixed, and after calcining of the latter to remove organic matter, water, and carbon dioxide. High-grade phosphates contain 36 to 38 per cent phosphorus pentoxide. This is not a serious handicap for marine deposits, since the world market for low-grade phosphate is at present about 30,000,000 tons a year, while the market for high-grade phosphate is 12,000,000 tons. Unfortunately, the marine deposits which have been analyzed up to date have a significantly higher content of metallic impurities than phosphates being mined on land, and this would reduce their value by about $1 a ton, to approximately $12 a ton on the dock in a shipping port.

Other potential phosphate deposits, off Australia or India, for example, appear promising. As a rough estimate, a new industry with a gross value of $10,000,000 to $20,000,000 a year could be developed within the next decade, based on these resources. A world-wide search for undersea phosphate, and basic research on the mechanisms and conditions of its formation, would cost several million dollars a year. But it could pay off handsomely.

THE other materials in the table above will probably not come into production for a long time, although there is some current interest in certain deposits of Globigerina ooze, which compare with rock now accounting for about 95 per cent of the cement rock market.

Explorations in the Gulf of Mexico have produced evidence that suggests the existence of a cluster of salt domes in the Sigsbee Deep. Further research in this area could add oil, gas, and sulphur as possible mineral resources from the deep sea floor.

There are several enclosed basins in which strong concentrations of sulphides in the sediments are found—for instance, the Black Sea, Cariaco Trench off Venezuela, and probably some places in the Gulf of California. Research in such areas might lead to economic extraction of sulphide minerals, particularly if some of the radioactive elements could be collected as a by-product.

We should not close our eyes or our methodology to the unexpected, such as the possibility that giant iron-nickel meteorites may lie exposed on the floor of the deep sea.

The principal mineral resources of the continental shelves now being exploited are oil, natural gas, and some sulphur. A great deal of international interest has recently been aroused by the discovery that very extensive natural gas deposits may exist under the North Sea. However, other potentially valuable mineral concentrations on the continental shelves are receiving less attention. These are the placer deposits of drowned beaches and other shelf areas. The diamond-bearing gravels off the southwest coast of Africa are an example. The average yield is about five carats per ton, compared with about one carat per ton normally recovered in the South African diamond fields. Of the undersea diamonds recovered so far, nearly all are gem stones, which bring the highest prices.

RECENT prospecting in sea shallows off Nome and Juneau, Alaska, has indicated the presence of substantial quantities of gold-bearing sands which will probably soon begin to be mined. Tin ores in drowned beach and alluvial deposits are presently being dredged off the coasts of Malaysia, Thailand, and Indonesia in waters up to forty meters in depth. The possibility of similar undersea deposits should be investigated on the continental shelf off Cornwall.

Magnetite-rich sands are being mined for their iron content by ships in shallow waters off Japan. Over the past four years, the Japanese have dredged 7,000,000 tons of relatively high-grade iron ore from the bottom of Tokyo Bay; they are mining other magnetite deposits, in waters up to thirty meters deep within a few kilometers of the shore, at a rate of several thousand tons of concentrate a month. Iron-rich sands similar to the Japanese deposits exist to an unknown extent off Alaska, where chromite-bearing sands are also found. Titanium sands are believed to occur off Florida, as well as off India, Ceylon, Japan, and Australia. Monazite sands containing thorium and rare earths probably occur on the continental shelves off Brazil and India.

In all the regions where modern beach sands have a potentially valuable mineral content, a good possibility exists that the fossil beaches, further offshore and in deeper water, accumulated similar deposits during lower sea-level stages.

Geological and mineralogical research at a level of several million dollars a year, directed specifically toward the location of mineral deposits on the continental shelves, could generate new industry with gross product worth at least $50,000,000 a year within a decade.

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THE EXORBITANT COST OF DISSENT

Pricing Honesty out of the Market

EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Philip H. Abelson, editor of "Science," journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, polled a cross-section of AAAS membership on the wisdom of the 1970 deadline for landing a man on the moon. Only 31 per cent of the responding scientists favored a high priority for the deadline. Only one in five were even willing to rate the 1970 deadline as a reasonable objective. A clear majority (61 per cent) favored cutting the extraterrestrial space exploration budget (spent chiefly to speed the lunar landing) in half. These findings raised an embarrassing question in editor Abelson's mind. In the following editorial, originally published in "Science," he offers an answer.

By PHILIP H. ABELSON

IN THE past year Congress has wrestled with problems of controlling and legislating for research and development funds, but achievements so far appear to be minuscule. One problem which has been scarcely considered is that of obtaining a multiplicity of well-founded opinions on scientific and technical programs. The authorization hearings for the $5,000,000,000 space program illustrate the point. The House and Senate committees heard extensive testimony from government witnesses representing, for example, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Although a majority of the nation's scientists question facets of the program, no opposing witnesses appeared. In part, this was because they were not invited; in part, because they did not seek a hearing.

In contrast, committees considering legislation in areas other than science and technology often find that many citizens ask to testify. In matters in which conflicts of self-interest exist, issues usually are well examined. For instance, committees considering legislation concerned with labor and management are presented with expert testimony from both sides. Many organizations support staffs that compile reports, prepare presentations and rebuttals, and look for special opportunities to advance their cause. In an effort to triumph, the opponents may propose fruitful new ideas. The public and Congress emerge with a sounder view of the factors involved.

There are several reasons why scientists do not seek to testify at hearings on research and development legislation. Most scientists are unaware of the schedule of impending hearings and unfamiliar with mechanisms for obtaining an audience. Only a limited number feel competent to make judgments in the diverse, highly technical areas. With few exceptions there are no staffs to aid in preparation of material. Only when highly emotional issues, such as fallout, are involved is there a semblance of broad response. A major reason why research and development legislation is not more adequately discussed is a lack of evident immediate clash of self-interest among scientists. The self-interest of those who advocate expenditures is obvious, but who makes the probing counterargument? At present, it comes not from informed witnesses but from Congressmen, whose principal well-worn line is that we are spending too much money on science in general.

FAILURE of scientists publicly to criticize to any appreciable degree programs many deem ill-judged often stems from analysis of the balance sheet of their own self-interest. On the positive side is the consideration that the long-term interest of their profession and the nation dictates that unwise expenditures not be made. If the public loses confidence in the integrity of scientists, the sequel could be calamitous for all. But this a nebulous possibility which does not outweigh the realities of the present. The witness in questioning the wisdom of the Establishment pays a price and incurs hazards. He is diverted from his professional activities. He stirs the enmity of powerful foes. He fears that reprisals may extend beyond him to his institution. Perhaps he fears shadows, but in a day when almost all research institutions are highly dependent on federal funds, prudence seems to dictate silence.

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

Sensational Ignoramus

WITHOUT COMMENTING on the writing style or opinions of "What the Moon Ranger Couldn't See" [*SR*, Sept. 5], I would like to correct a few of John Lear's disturbing perversions of the truth:

1) In the article, the lunar circular maria are constantly referred to as lakebeds. Journalistic license should not be extended to permit a selenologically impossible term to be used. Basin is a more accurate word.

2) The lunar rays disappear about twelve hours *before*, not after, local sunset on the moon.

3) The rays are not constant in width, as Mr. Lear could have discovered by looking at the photographs in his article.

4) To say that for a long time after the invention of the telescope "astronomers could make no more revealing search . . . than could be accomplished with the unaided eye" reveals a substantial ignorance of astronomical history. Galileo used his one-inch-aperture telescope to discover new evidence for the Copernican explanation of planetary motions. For the first time man saw satellites circling Jupiter, the phases of Venus, mountains and craters on the moon, imperfections--spots--on the sun, and thousands of hitherto unseen stars in the white glow of the Milky Way.

5) Because of the blurring effects of the earth's atmosphere, attaching a camera to a telescope does not increase the perception of fine lunar and planetary detail. For the "keenest seeing," visual observation is unsurpassed.

6) Reference is twice made to "telescope lenses up to 200 inches across." For the science editor of a sophisticated periodical such as *SR* to perpetuate the newspaperish ignorance of the differences between a telescope using a lens and one using a mirror is extremely discouraging.

These errors are indicative of Mr. Lear's failure to understand concepts basic to the material about which he glibly writes. His ignorance and irresponsibility has thus created a confused jumble of sensationalistic science and politics.

CHARLES A. WOOD.

Tucson, Ariz.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR's science editor regrets that in bringing together scores of details of the moon's surface from a dozen different astronomy books on the shelves of his office, he misstated the detail mentioned in Point 2 of the letter above. The lunar rays do, as reader Wood says, disappear twelve hours before local sunset on the moon. As to the other points in the letter:*

Point 1—SR's report on Ranger VII referred to lunar maria as maria except where the landing area of Ranger VII was meant. Before Ranger VII's flight, that area had been interpreted on rectified moon maps developed in Professor Gerard P. Kuiper's Lunar and Planetary Laboratory, University of Arizona, as an overlapping pair of circular depressions. The depression which later turned out to contain Ranger VII's landing spot had been tentatively labeled "Lake of Hazes." Ranger VII's landing made this name inappropriate. After the SR issue in which the Ranger VII report appeared had gone to press, the area was formally named at the International Astronomical Union meeting in Hamburg, Germany. The official name: "Mare Cognitum," or "Sea of Knowledge."

Point 3—One of the books especially recommended by Professor Kuiper to SR's

What Should Follow the Voyage of Ranger VII

YOUR REPORT ON RANGER VII [*SR*, Sept. 5] said that the Science and Astronautics Committee of the U. S. House of Representatives had criticized Jet Propulsion Laboratory for carelessness in connection with the six earlier moon Rangers. Could you refer me to an official document covering this point?

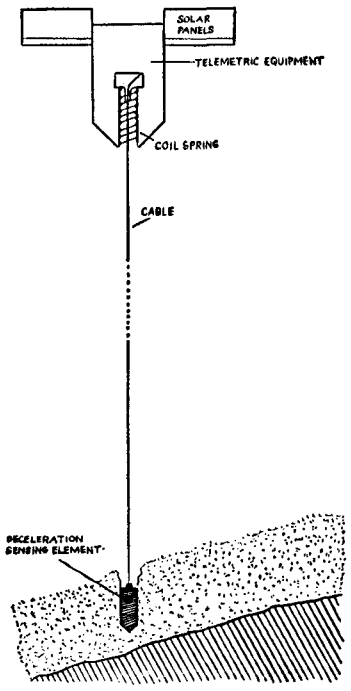
Also, I can understand how a robot could take pictures and transmit them automatically by TV. But I cannot picture the operation of the lunar surface probe proposed by Dr. Alvar P. Wilska. Could you diagram this one further?

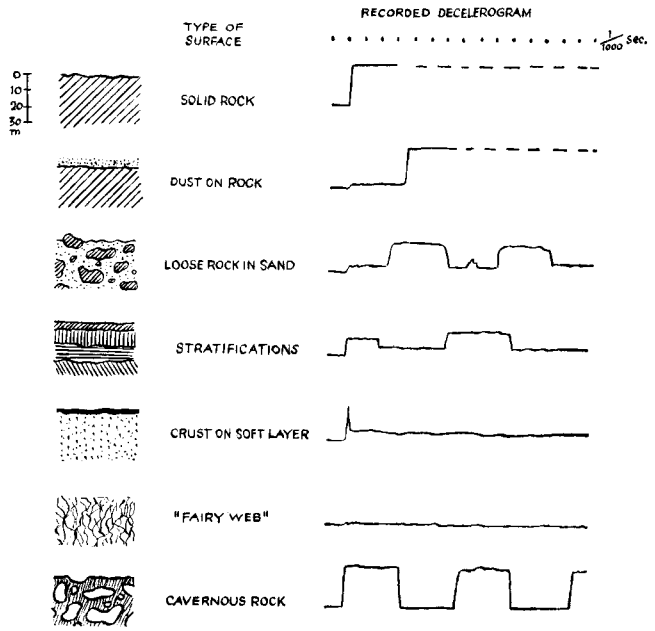
JOHN BENDER.

Paradise, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The criticism of Jet Propulsion Laboratory was contained in "Project Ranger: House Report 1487, 88th Congress, 2d Session: Report of the Subcommittee on NASA Oversight." Ordered to be printed June 16, 1964. Copies available through the U. S. Government Printing Office. "Missiles and Rockets," a technical journal which often serves as spokesman for the rocket industry, said editorially after the Ranger VII's triumphant flight: "In the administrative sense, the success of this one Ranger shot when stacked against the six previous failures confirms, contrary to much popular opinion, the extensive investigation of the program not only by Congress but by NASA and JPL itself."*

Dr. Wilska's proposed lunar probe is far simpler in operation than a TV set. What amounts to a big lead bullet is fired by a coiled spring release from the nose of a vehicle already plummeting toward the moon at a speed of 5,000 miles per hour. Attached to the bullet is a long steel cable enclosing a wire to transmit signals from an accelerometer inside the bullet. A simple telemetry device at the other end of the wire passes the signals on to earth, where they are recorded automatically on graph paper, as shown in the sketch below.





—Sketches by Doug Anderson after Dr. Alvar Wilska.

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Note from Hamburg

Late in July, immediately after the brilliant execution of the Ranger VII flight by Jet Propulsion Laboratory for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, JPL and NASA staged press conferences on national TV networks. At these, the chief scientific investigator for Ranger VII, Prof. Gerard P. Kuiper, of the University of Arizona, and a member of his advisory panel, Dr. George Shoemaker, of the U.S. Geological Survey, both stated that fears of a moondust burial for men landing on the moon had been almost certainly ruled out by the Ranger VII pictures. However, when Prof. Kuiper and Dr. Shoemaker later appeared before their scientific peers at a meeting of the International Astronomical Union in Hamburg, Germany, neither man even mentioned the matter of the moondust. Some astronomers who had expected to hear a scientifically documented discussion of the dust question were disappointed and puzzled by the unexpected silence. There was, in fact, no debate when Professor Thomas Gold, famous British-born cosmologist, told his IAU colleagues that in his opinion Ranger VII had confirmed rather than denied the probability of a dust layer of possibly dangerous depth.

science editor was Ralph B. Baldwin's "Measure of the Moon" (University of Chicago Press, 1963). On pages 354-5 of that volume the following statement appears: "A key observation is that the rays remain approximately the same width, regardless of the distance along the ray from the crater."

Point 4—This quotation from SR is taken out of context. In context, it is clear that the reference was to the unaided eye peering through a telescope lens before photographic plates were substituted for visual observers.

Point 5—It is true that the human eye has unrivaled observational powers. But visual observations alone are no longer accepted as scientific documentation in astronomy. The record demands either pictures which can be pored over to confirm details, or spectographic plates which can likewise be examined for confirmational purposes. Professor Kuiper did not give SR's science editor an eyewitness description of the moon; he interpreted photographic plates, some of which had been taken through telescopes years before.

Point 6—Telescope mirrors are lenses in lay language (because their purpose is the same as the purpose of lenses: to capture as much light as possible), discouraging as that may be to some astronomers.

Shift in Tactics

MAY WE HAVE your written permission to mimeograph for beginning sociology students P. B. Medawar's "Is The Scientific Paper Fraudulent?" [*SR*, Aug. 1].

DR. LESLIE A. KOEMPEL,
Professor of Sociology,
Vassar College.
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *May the boys make lab coat raids?*

We're in Orbit

JOHN HAGEN'S REPLY to Ralph Zekelman's letter [*SR*, Sept. 5] is incorrect and rather astonishing because it reveals a fundamental misunderstanding of elementary kinematics. I think your readership and Mr. Zekelman deserve an apology.

MARTIN ABKOWITZ,
Department of Physics,
University of Pittsburgh.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

JOHN P. HAGEN'S REPLY to Ralph Zekelman raises a further question.

Professor Hagen is quoted as saying: "Orbiting bodies are acted upon by the centripetal force of gravity. But if that force alone were operative, the bodies would fall to earth. The bodies remain in motion, in a state of equilibrium, because the centripetal force is opposed by an opposite and equal centrifugal force."

Obviously someone has formulated a new principle of physics—the principle of the equilibrium of orbiting bodies—which may be restated as follows: A body in orbit remains in orbit, in a state of equilibrium, because it is acted upon equally by the centripetal force of gravity, directed toward the center of the earth, and by the centrifugal force of anti-gravity, directed toward an infinitude of points in outer space.

Has anyone investigated this mysterious force from outer space? I have never experienced it at the terrestrial level, even when swinging a bucket of water over my head. But then, perhaps an unfounded reverence for Newton's first law of motion has clouded my perception.

ROBERT W. BENNETT.
Denver, Colo.

PROFESSOR HAGEN may be an expert on radio astronomy, but in his rebuttal to Zekelman's letter he flunked a question on basic physics. A satellite orbiting about the earth is *not* in equilibrium, for there is only *one* force (excluding friction) being exerted upon it, and that is the centripetal force.

Zekelman's criticism of Hagen is reasonably correct, though a bit obscure. Unfortunately, he, too, has slipped a bit on the treacherous matter of the centrifugal force. Perhaps the difficulty can be straightened out in the following manner: Newton's Third Law of Motion states that if one body is exerting a force *on* another, then the *second* body exerts an *equal and opposite* force on the *first*. If the earth exerts a force, the centripetal force in this case, on the satellite, then the *satellite* exerts an equal and opposite force on the *earth*. This second force is the *centrifugal* force. It is real. It does exist. But it is *not* a force on the satellite. Zekelman's confusion is exemplified by his discussion of a car going around a curve. A passenger in the car experiences a force, exerted by the car door, which is the centripetal force that keeps him moving in a curved path. But the passenger exerts an equal and opposite force on the car door; and this force is the centrifugal force. But if we look only for the forces exerted *on the passenger*, we find only the centripetal force.

In summary, it is not correct to say that the satellite experiences two equal and opposite forces, the centripetal and centrifugal

"—If you want to fly a kite, Dr. Franklin, fly a kite—you don't have to justify *it."*

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forces, since it experiences only one of them. Neither is it correct to deny the existence of the centrifugal force, since it really does exist; but it is not relevant to the question "What forces are exerted on the satellite?"

FRANCIS T. WORRELL.

Lexington, Mass.

TO SUPPORT RALPH ZEKELMAN and perhaps to get Professor Hagen off the hook, the use and abuse of centrifugal force in many levels of textbook and in the casual literature is a continuing mess that seems impossible of clarification once and for all. Professor Hagen would have been perfectly correct if he had stipulated that what he had to say was solely within the *rotating frame of reference* of the orbiting object. But he didn't, and Zekelman's discussion is correct from the point of view of the observer on the earth. However, these minimum comments are probably by no means enough for the interested layman and some further comments should be of interest to *SR*'s readership. The boy at the other end of the string tied to the whirling stone undoubtedly feels a pull, or force, at his finger and rightly labels it, if he is a *modern* boy, a centrifugal force. The string is stretched taut by the centripetal force which the boy's finger is exerting to haul the stone towards himself, though it does not get any nearer, and by the centrifugal force which the stone exerts on the string as evidence that it would much prefer to obey Galileo than the dictates of the string. There is no doubt that the string is stretched by these two forces—but note, we are back in the *rotating frame of reference* and all is well with the description. To talk about the forces stretching the string one must in principle sit on the string during its rotation and make suitable measurements. When biological materials are "centrifuged" or when I find myself pushed to the side of a turning car, the push toward the outside of the "orbit" comes into evidence only because, for example, the car moves across my own straight-line path and I must correct my path somehow or fly through the door.

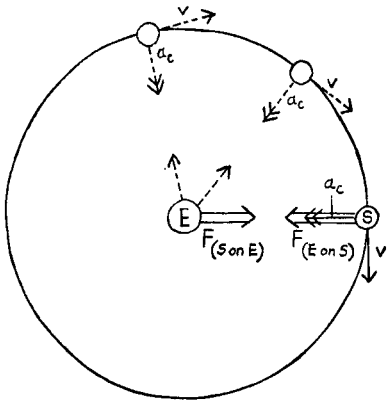
Much of the inherent confusion in the subject originates in the everyday interpretation of the sense of force experienced in the human body. In a car it *feels* as if something is pushing me sideways out of the car. Not at all. No force has gripped me and pushed me toward the exit. It is the exit that has swung toward me, and via the seat of my pants or otherwise I know it is happening and react appropriately. What is "weightlessness," as experienced in orbit, or equally well under still more dramatic conditions of falling freely? Not the balancing of gravitational force by a centrifugal force. Rather the disappearance of the normal competition between gravitational force and the push of muscles and bone against the floor.

In free fall, one is accelerating *with* the force of gravity, whether in the orbit or down the elevator shaft, and the usual sensation of the force of gravity disappears. When Professor Hagen says that "if the force (of gravity) alone were operative, the bodies would fall to earth" he is most misleading. They do "fall," as Zekelman explains, but their "fall" in orbit is just enough compensate continually for what would otherwise be a *rise*, if the satellite kept going along Galileo's straight line. It is not unrelated to the case of a ball thrown straight up, which experiences the force of gravity, but does not immediately fall. Initially its "fall" is manifested by a diminishing of its rise, a phenomenon which even a stockbroker will recognize with familiarity. (And what more should we demand of the layman?)

A. C. ENGLISH,
Professor, Department of Electrical Engineering,
University of California.

Berkeley, Calif.

I DON'T THINK Isaac Newton would care either for Professor Hagen's reply or Mr. Zeckelman's diagram. Both would suggest that neither understands the famous "Third Law of Motion" since it is not mentioned but is certainly relevant.



Earth's gravity exerts a *force on the satellite*, $F_{(E\ on\ S)}$ which imparts the necessary *central acceleration*, a_c, to cause the constantly changing direction of the velocity vector, v. But inevitably, the satellite reacts by exerting an equal and opposite *force on the earth*, $F_{(S\ on\ E)}$. It is this latter force which is so commonly labeled as the centrifugal force and misunderstood as a force acting *on* the satellite.

We have a hard time teaching this distinction to our college freshmen.

JOHN A. DAY,
Professor of Physics,
Linfield College.

McMinnville, Ore.

Buoyish Mistake

I READ with considerable interest your article on weather [*SR*, Aug. 1] and found it most stimulating.

As I was instrumental in the formation of the Marine Technology Society, I would like to call to your attention an error which appeared in the article in reference to the Society. The *Buoy Technology* publication you mentioned was not an issue of the Society's journal but rather was the transactions—in two volumes—of the International Buoy Technology Symposium sponsored by the Marine Technology Society in the latter part of March. Unfortunately, the Society has no journal of its own at this time, but hopes to start one in the near future.

RICHARD E. MUNSKE,
Editor,
Undersea Technology.

Arlington, Va.

Literary Sampler

Continued from page 45

She sets me upright, like a bolt of lightning . . .

In the crowd waiting for you at the door, there are rich men whose worth lies only in admiring you; and beggars who stand up like the great of the earth because they are about to see Sarah go by. . . . O Sarah, you are Genius!

And, every evening, there is a happy man who is seeing Sarah for the first time.

—From "The Journal of Jules Renard" (Braziller, Oct. 5).

Jewish Converts Soar

A SUBTLE drama has been transpiring at the Dhahran Air Force Base in Saudi Arabia. Over the past two years, at least eleven members of the United States Air Force have become converts to Judaism. Four others have indicated their intention to marry Jewish girls and become Jews.

What is behind this?

The airmen in the service call the Dhahran Air Base in Saudi Arabia the "air-conditioned hell." The word is out that this is about as bad a place to pull a hitch as any in the world. Apparently a few American airmen have found a way out.

The Arabs prohibit Jewish personnel in Saudi Arabia, which is a great insult to the Flag and to the dignity of the United States of America, but it is certainly a favor to Jewish boys in the Air Force.

Since the Air Force keeps complete records on all its men, it is impossible for a Christian boy to tell his commanding officer he cannot go to Saudi Arabia because he's Jewish.

So some of the airmen, once posted, have friends back home or in West Germany mail them a Mazuzah and a Star of David. The recipient makes certain the Arab cleaning in the shower room sees these symbols of Judaism dangling from his neck.

In a day or two, the post commander sends for the airman. "What are you trying to pull here with that Star of David?" asks the officer. "You're a Baptist from Greenwood, South Carolina. What are you trying to pull?"

"Yes, sir," says the airman. "I am a Baptist from Greenwood, South Carolina, sure enough. But not for long. I'm engaged to a Jewish girl and intend to become converted." A week later our friend is transferred to the base at Frankfurt, Germany, where there is no Prohibition and no misery.

—From " So What Else Is New?" by Harry Golden (Putnam, Nov. 16).

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(Continued on page 68)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

(Continued from page 67)

BUCKS COUNTY. Stone house, barn, woods and pond, on 40 acres. Asking $40,000. Elizabeth James, "Country Real Estate," New Hope, Pennsylvania. 215-862-2430.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1591

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

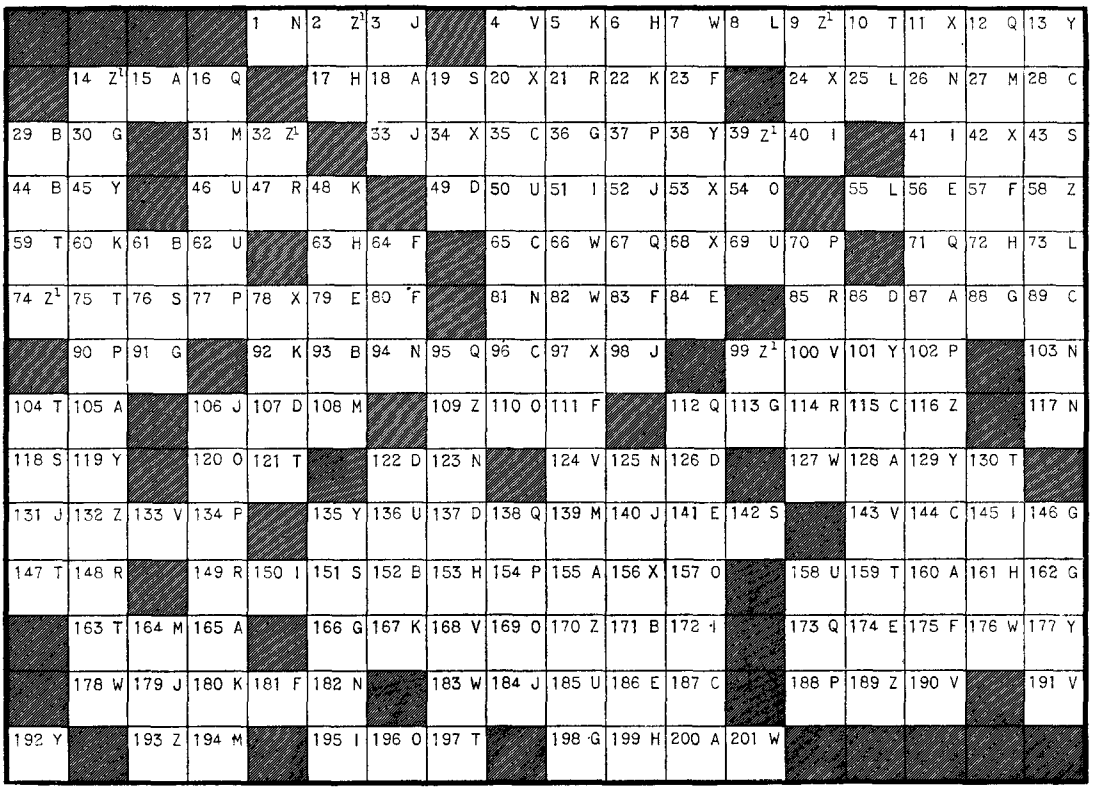
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Valuable metal, soft when pure, used in compound with many other things, important in mfr. of steel.	200 18 128 87 15 155 160 165 105
B. Invisible.	152 171 44 29 93 61
C. Felt compunction for.	89 144 65 96 115 28 35 187
D. American fruit tree or its fruit, esp. of central and S U.S.	137 86 122 49 107 126
E. Pertaining to a master.	174 84 79 56 186 141
F. Person involved in a modern translation of the famous admonition written in the temple of Delphi.	23 175 181 83 111 80 57 64
G. "Female adult leader", says WNI III, of a special group of little boys (2 wds.).	30 162 166 146 91 198 113 88 36
H. To better any condition, not of necessity a bad one.	199 153 6 161 63 72 17
I. Slender elastic rod, as of whalebone, with a sponge on the end for removing obstructions from throat, esophagus, etc.	41 145 150 51 195 40 172
J. Established principle in physics concerning the absorption of light by different concentrations (3 wds.).	52 33 106 184 131 179 3 98 140
K. A deep red, called by many names, such as Kazak, sang de boeuf, etc.	167 5 92 22 60 180 48
L. Reward.	55 8 73 25

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Very craggy; unceremonious, curt.	164 31 108 139 27 194
N. Describing the man liable to gout in 19th-cent. English literature, based on his habitual consumption of dinner wines (comp.).	103 81 125 117 26 1 182 94 123
O. Popular name for early 20th-cent. school of American artists given to realism.	110 157 169 54 120 196
P. Encounter; light upon (2 wds.).	134 70 154 90 188 37 102 77
Q. Diametrically different in position or nature.	67 112 173 12 16 95 138 71
R. Dutch inventor of the extraordinarily precise bombsight used effectively in both World Wars (b. 1880).	148 114 21 149 85 47
S. Large Pacific Coast siphon clam, much esteemed for food.	19 76 43 142 118 151
T. Characterless; feeble; without strength (comp.).	163 59 121 159 197 130 147 10 104 75
U. Southern.	46 50 62 158 185 136 69
V. A correct choice; the desirable thing (2 wds.).	190 191 143 100 168 133 124 4
W. Again reduce the power of; again dilute.	7 66 183 82 178 127 201 176
X. Mandatory.	53 34 68 20 42 24 156 11 97 78
Y. Drowsiness.	129 45 135 192 119 101 13 38 177
Z. Track providing a runway for wheels.	132 193 170 58 109 189 116
Z1. Of dark complexion.	9 14 39 74 99 2 32

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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